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AUGUST 1948

25th Year of Publication
The American
Mercury

BEHIND THE PALESTINE MESS

OUR MISTAKES IN GERMANY

PACKETEERING IN HEARING AIDS

THE FANTASTIC CAREER OF MR. TRUMAN

William B. Ziff

S. Miles Bouton

Percival Wilde

B. R. Redman

THIRD

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ROSS OF THE NEW YORKER

by Allen Churchill

Page 147

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The Open Forum

A magazine can generally be judged by the quality of the contributors to its correspondence columns. Among the men and women who write for "The Open Forum" columns in THE MERCURY are college presidents, members of the President's Cabinet, foreign ambassadors, generals of the United States Army, clergymen, eminent doctors, union leaders, corporation executives, school teachers, housewives, and college students.*

They write in praise and in disagreement, or they write to enlighten the readers of THE MERCURY on some aspects of a subject they know well. They have discussed in "The Open Forum" some of the most vital issues of our day—the rôle of air power in war and peace, the worth of culture in an atomic world, the plight of homeless Americans, the menace of totalitarianism in all its forms—and also matters of more immediate concern, such as interracial marriage, juvenile gangs, black magic, sleep and sleeping pills, discrimination in colleges, and the heroism (as well as dumbness) of dogs.

That is why "The Open Forum" is so popular. It makes stimulating reading to the opinion molders who form the audience of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

* For example, recent letters were from Secretary of Labor L. B. Schwellenbach, Lieut.-General J. Lawton Collins, President Bryn J. Hovde of the New School for Social Research, Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase of New York University, Lowell W. Rooks, former Director General of UNRRA, former Ambassador V. S. Hurban of Czechoslovakia, Dr. John Oliver Nelson, director of the Commission of the Ministry of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, and Walter W. Cenerazzo, national president of the American Watch Workers Union.



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*Broadcast over WOR and most Mutual Stations each Friday at 10 P.M.,
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The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

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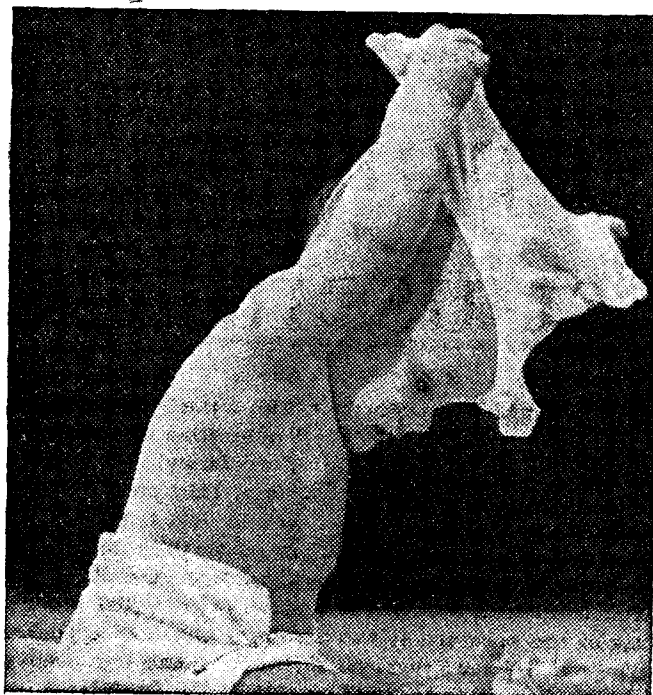
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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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A report on the most useful year

IN this country and through the world, human progress calls for more and more oil. To do their part in meeting the great need for oil in 1947, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and its affiliates performed the biggest job in their history. They produced more oil and delivered more products; took in and paid out more money; employed more workers and served more people than ever before. And far more than ever was spent for facilities to meet growing needs—426 million dollars in a single year, paid for out of past and current earnings of the business. It was a year of great accomplishment; great progress. Here are some highlights from this significant year, based on the Company's Annual Report to its 171,000 stockholders...

1 World-wide, the need for oil surpassed all records. To help meet the need, crude oil production by Jersey Company affiliates was increased 8% over 1946, setting another new record. Their production was 14% of the world's total for the year.

2 In the U.S., too, the need was at record levels. Three million more cars to fuel than pre-war; twice as many tractors and trucks on farms; a million and a half more oil-heated homes; five times as many diesel locomotives. Total U.S. consumption of oil products was 11% greater than 1946, 12% greater even than the peak war year. In meeting this need, we set new output records month after month, accounting for 9% of U.S. total crude oil.

3 The unusually hard winter made heating oil and kerosene supply a special problem. By extraordinary effort in refineries and hard work and long hours by people all along the line, we were able to deliver about 25% more of these products than in the winter before.

4 With such big demand, big supply, and rising prices, money came in—and was paid out—in all-time record figures. Total dollar income reached \$2,387,000,000—45% over 1946. Operating charges and other deductions from income reached \$2,118,040,000—44% over 1946. A record sum of \$466,954,000 was paid to our employees.

5 Net consolidated earnings of the Company and affiliates—\$269,000,000—

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

biggest, hardest, we ever had!...

equalled \$9.83 per share, or 11.3% of total income as compared to 10.8% in 1946. Dividends of \$4.00 per share were paid by the parent Company.

6 Most important dollar figure of the year was the 426 million dollars spent for new wells, plants, tankers, pipelines and all the other things it takes to get the oil you need. Part of a billion dollar program covering the two years 1947-48, it was by far the greatest capital investment we have ever faced. The money came almost entirely from earnings, past and current — money made on the job went back into the job.

7 Transportation of oil was a big job. During the year, we bought 23 ocean-going tankers from the U.S. Maritime Commission, and early this year we ordered 6 new 26,000-ton, 16-knot ships, the largest we ever operated. Pipelines were pushed to new records—our trunk lines delivering 83 billion barrel-miles, or 11 billion more than in 1946.

8 In discovering new oil, we spent 5 times as much as pre-war—16% more than last year. (Altogether, the country's known oil reserves were increased by 600 million barrels during the year, in spite of record consumption.)

9 Cost of research also increased —\$18,200,000 was spent for new knowledge. Considerable progress was made in finding more efficient and lower-cost

processes for making gasoline and other liquid fuels synthetically from natural gas, oil shale, and coal.

10 Labor-management relations remained excellent, continuing our exceptional record of industrial harmony. Employee compensation was adjusted upward during the year to help meet rising living costs. A total of \$55,396,000 was saved in employee Thrift Plans, of which \$20,987,000 was saved by employees and \$34,409,000 contributed by the Company and its affiliates.

THE 1947 JOB WAS A BIG ONE. The jobs ahead are bigger still. In a democracy the responsibility for making a better world rests with the individual and the individual enterprise. It is clear that an enterprise like Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) must exercise a full realization of the social responsibilities of profit — must understand that the peace, advancement, and the security of the people of the world are the best guarantee of the Company's own progress and security. We intend now, as always, to demonstrate in action that the free, competitive American enterprise system is far superior to any other. We believe that the Company and its affiliates are so organized, and their business so conducted, that they will continue to serve people well.

(NEW JERSEY)
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Copies of the full report are available on request, Address Room 1626, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. The earnings statement in this report satisfies the provisions of Section 11 (A) of the Securities Act of 1933.

The American Mercury for September

will contain, among other things

GLEN TAYLOR: CROONER ON THE LEFT, by Richard Neuberger. *Henry Wallace's running mate on the bizarre Third Party ticket, according to Mr. Neuberger, a first-rate reporter, is little different from the hack politician so familiar to many sections of this country. A brilliant portrait of a so-called "true friend of the people."*

THE DAILY MIRACLE, by Waverley Root. *In the entire history of American journalism there has probably not been another newspaper like the Paris Tribune. From an orthodox journalistic point of view, it probably made no sense, but from almost all other points of view it made very much sense. Mr. Root writes about it from first-hand knowledge.*

THE DIETICIANS' DILEMMA, by James C. and Peta Fuller. *The science of dietetics, on the basis of its own conflicting claims, seems to be in a good deal of a mess. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller present much of the uncomfortable evidence in detail.*

STANDING ROOM ONLY, by James E. Payne and Albert Brandt. *A thorough yet highly readable report upon the population problem in the world today — with special reference to the relationship between this problem and world politics. Very timely and of the first importance.*

There will also be the usual departments: The Skeptics' Corner, The Library, The Soap Box, Down to Earth, The Open Forum, and The Check List.

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AM 8-48

The American Mercury

BEHIND THE PALESTINE MESS

BY

WILLIAM B. ZIFF

IN ITS relationship to the Palestine muddle, the government of the United States has not covered itself with glory. It has shown itself strangely inept and palsied, and oblivious to its own interests. It appears to have thrown overboard as excess baggage the traditional principles of conduct which once distinguished our democracy and made it unique among the nations of the world.

The net effect of American policy has been to support international lawlessness, while at the same time maintaining a fine air of impartiality as between the aggressors and their victim. Our policy, shorn of concealing rhetoric, remains that of lending

free support to men who a short while ago were branded as war criminals and our avowed enemies, while simultaneously outlawing, and blocking against any possibility of help, our late allies in the war for freedom.

Mr. Truman's vigorous statements against international lawlessness, and his "recognition" of Israel in particular, have led to the impression that the United States attitude toward Israel is one of extreme friendliness. On the actual operating levels of government, however, as in the State Department and the Department of Defense, Mr. Truman's words have been treated as meaningless phrases designed purely for domestic con-

WILLIAM B. ZIFF has written widely on international affairs. Among his books are *The Rape of Palestine* and *The Coming Battle of Germany*; and he is the author of many magazine articles, including "America's Critical Military Position," in the *MAY MERCURY*.

sumption in an election year. Strategically placed men in these departments are all-out in their opposition to Israel, and they have succeeded in placing the whole power and prestige of the United States squarely behind the cold war being conducted against the little country by the British-Arab combine. As one prominent Latin-American diplomat, anxious to take his cue from the United States, exclaimed: "I am confused. Your President speaks nice words for the Jews, but your State Department works hand in glove with the British against them."

Though the President "recognized" the existence of Israel a few minutes after its creation, there has so far been no formal recognition. Though an occasional nice speech was made by Mr. Austin in the Councils of the United Nations, America officially has lent itself to all of the parliamentary maneuvers undertaken by the British to place Israel in a strait jacket. America continues to finance, and quietly to cooperate with, the British and the Arabs in their aggressive actions; and at the same time to participate in a full-dress embargo against the Jews.

The argument which has been offered to justify this policy has been based on expediency. It is asserted that since there is only one major strategic objective for the United States, that of containing Soviet aggression, it has been necessary to sacrifice many fine points of justice and moral position. It is said that the key to our military situation in

the event of a continued struggle with the Russians is the Mediterranean; and that the Eastern Mediterranean is controlled by the Arabs, who are a numerous and powerful people irreconcilably opposed to the existence of Israel as a state. It is claimed that Arabian oil and bases are of crucial importance to America, and could possibly be decisive if Arabian ill-will were incurred by any interference with the current aggression against Israel.

Israel, on the other hand, is described as weak and impotent without the armed assistance of the other powers to protect her. In short, the position is that Israel is something of a nuisance, interfering with the important strategic position of the United States in the Middle East, and serving to alienate powerful interests which may be necessary for continued American survival.

For the most part, these conceptions are not supported by facts.

Although the Zionists allowed themselves to be tricked into a position which made a clash of arms with Arab elements inevitable, the real war which is going on is not between the Israelis and the Arabs, but between Israel and Great Britain. In their own literature, during the long and bitter struggle against the British occupation, the Jewish underground habitually referred to the British as "the Nazo-British enemy," and to the Arabs as "a kindred people with whom we will live in peace when the British have departed."

From the record it seems perfectly plain that the chaos in Palestine has been created by the British themselves to achieve their own purposes of control and rule — this despite the alleged fact of a total British departure from the Holy Land and Britain's seeming relinquishment of the Mandate by which it has officially governed that country.

II

In perpetuating its own alliance with the despots and theocracies of the Middle East, the United States has followed a blind course of backing the British Empire's interests willy-nilly, under any and all conditions, as our first line of defense against the Russian threat. In this single fact is the key to our wobbly Palestine policy as well as to the uncertain and dangerous military blueprint which American world strategy is endeavoring to follow.

From the view of stark military reality, this course seems as hopeless as the previous tactic of the administration, which was based on the fantastic assumption that Russia, too, was a democracy, and that our differences could be merged in a general council of the nations from which would proceed world law and an international police force.

The questions which must be realistically considered are these: (1) Are American interests identical with those of the British in the Middle East? (2) May any reliance be placed upon the strength, stability,

character and friendship of the Arab countries themselves? (3) Is Middle Eastern oil a necessary prerequisite to any successful strategy against Russian totalitarianism?

In analyzing these problems, it is seen first that the Arab countries have no authentic power of their own — that they are weak, primitive areas devoid of industry, and incapable of putting up even a show of resistance against a first-class power.

Most of these countries are simple theocracies in the tribal stage of social organization and dominated by internal feuds between the various sheiks and princely families. Government as it is understood in the West virtually does not exist. The tribesmen hate the town dwellers, who themselves have no cohesion. Ibn Saud detests Abdullah and the ruling Hashimite House of Iraq. Farouk of Egypt, in turn, dreams of restoring the old Caliphate under his suzerainty by deposing the others. The peace is kept only by British arms, British subsidies, and British "advisers" and "consultants," who are the real rulers in each of these territories.

Non-believers are continuously terrorized. Butcheries of Jews and Christians are common and very little different from the Russian pogroms organized in Tsarist days. In Saudi Arabia, where the annual fiscal deficit has been paid for more than a decade directly from the British exchequer, human slavery still exists officially. Americans em-

ployed by the American-Arabian Oil Company dare not wear European clothes, have a church of any kind, or any resident chaplain, for fear that an outward show of Christian faith might enrage the Arabs.

Each of these countries is controlled directly by Great Britain, exactly as Poland and Rumania are by Russia. According to the British Labour party weekly, the *Tribune* (October 17, 1947), British military missions "advise the governments of all leading Arab states, British officers train their armies, British arms equip their forces."

In Transjordan, a poverty-stricken nomad kingdom of no more than 350,000 population, the so-called Arab Legion is supported directly and without subterfuge by the British Crown. This highly mechanized force is led and officered by Britons, its arms and uniforms are British, and its entire budget is paid for by the British Crown. Its enlisted personnel, moreover, contains very few natives of Transjordan. It is a true foreign legion, embracing adventurers from all corners of the world, which takes its instructions directly and only from London.

It has been stated authoritatively that without direct British military participation and support, the Arab states together could not put 15,000 men in the field.

In World War I, though a great propaganda case has been made out for them by London, no Arabs fought on our side beyond a few

thousand purchased irregulars, whose object, according to no less an authority than Lawrence of Arabia, was loot and nothing else. Lawrence was altogether contemptuous of their military prowess, remarking in his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* that "one company of Turks entrenched in open country could have defied the entire army of them."

As a result of the existing feudal social structures with their hideous poverty, endemic diseases and primitive backwardness, the traditional hatred for the West and all its works among the Arabs is intense. This hatred is particularly strong for the British overlords themselves, and is most pronounced among the very Arab politicians who achieve their power through British subvention, favor and subsidy.

The situation is so unreliable that during the invasion of Egypt by Rommel, the British did not allow a single Egyptian soldier to fire a shot. During World War II the Arab politicians, including all of the leaders now voicing their belligerence against the Jews, were active agents for the Nazis. The British Commander of the Arab Legion, Major General John Baggot Glubb, admitted that "every Arab force previously organized by us, mutinied and refused to fight for us or faded away in desertions." Ibn Saud had to be paid continuous blackmail to keep him from joining the Germans. Iraq, under its premier, El Gailani, threw in its fate directly with the Germans, and was recon-

quered within a week by a single company of mixed Palestinian Jewish troops and British colonials.

During this entire time, the only reliable assistance the Western Allies had in the Near and Middle East came from the territory and people of Israel. At one time 40 per cent of Alexander's effectives in North Africa were Jewish boys from Palestine; and it was Jewish industry which provided the technicians and engineers, and a critical share of the supplies, without which Alexander's campaign would have been a failure.

On the record, in a war in which the United States would be involved, the Arabs would have to be considered a liability, not an asset. Independent of British arms and power, by which the present régimes are maintained, none of these countries possesses durability, strength or even cohesion. Their leaders, being purchasable by London, are under suspicion of being purchasable elsewhere, and in any event will yield instantly to the threat of superior power.

III

The question of military bases reflects exactly the same problem. Western relationship with the Middle East does not exist on local consent, but on pure power alone. Our retention of bases in Arabia, for whatever value these may have, will rest entirely on British determinations and objectives. The Arabs, despite the euphemism of self-government, possess no power of decision in the matter.

The military blueprint which seeks to place our major line of defense directly on the periphery of the Soviet Union, is a British, not an American, pattern. From the American outlook, an enterprise which would involve the shipment of millions of American troops to the Middle East together with their food, housing, medical and military supplies, is too fantastic even to be considered. In the event of a war with the Soviet Union, the Kremlin would have the advantage of vastly superior internal lines, and would be able to converge against this area in overpowering strength. Italy, Greece and Turkey would fall in a matter of days, closing off the eastern Mediterranean and placing our forces there in a mousetrap.

Even if we were able to hang on to these areas by some miracle and by a staggering expenditure of manpower and resources, we still would be some 3000 miles from the main Russian nerve centers. Our striking forces still would be attached to an impossibly long and rickety line of communications; and in exchange for this grave risk, would have no decisive strategic objective under range of its guns.

It is obvious that if our military planning is to be designed to serve American and not British colonial interests, the major American striking forces must be airborne, and based in the far north of our own continent, thus exposing by comparatively short routes the entire Russian industrial economy to concentrated and direct

assault. To plan any other type of American security program is to ignore the nature of our relative positions, and to be blind to the characteristics of the supersonic, streamlined age in which we live. It is a mistake as hideous in its import as were the static defense plans of Gamelin and Weygand during the last war.

The very same reasoning applies to the question of Arabian oil. This oil is controlled by British guns in any event. The income it provides is the sole important income which the petty despots of Arabia depend on for survival, outside of direct American loans and British subsidies. The installations which make this oil flow are paid for directly by the British and Americans. Without American economic support, including scarce steel which we continue to export to Arabia, the oil industry would collapse, together with the hopeless feudal governments it helps to maintain.

The major question of oil in the Middle East, however, is not one of military availability but of commercial profits—a scheme in which Britain has enlisted the aid of American oil companies as part of its plan to insure the continued physical support of the United States for its program. No Arab oil is being used in the United States itself. The mere question of transportation alone militates against this possibility.

Trying to hold on to the oil is a fundamental military blunder if war with the Soviets really is expected.

Even if Europe could hold out against Russian military pressure, it is certain that no power could protect the installations in Arabia. The best we could hope for would be a quick destruction of the machinery we have erected, so as to prevent it from falling into Russian hands, as the oil of the East Indies fell to the Japanese during World War II.

The oil resources necessary to our survival in a world conflict are best guaranteed on the American continent itself, where they would be independent of questions of transport and logistics that make any reliance on Arabian oil an impossible problem in wartime. Government statistics prove conclusively that untapped oil resources exist in quantity on our own continent. There are great quantities in the oil sands of the American Arctic. Oil can be made synthetically from shale in amounts more than sufficient to exceed any possible demand which could be made on us. There are enormous and untapped sources in Brazil and other parts of Latin America.

The military problem of fuel oil to the British is equally serious, but in their case it is an unanswerable one. Over-urbanized Britain is faced with a more immediate and pressing question—that of necessary commercial profits to keep her desperately floundering and antiquated economy from settling to an inevitable and ruinous level. To these profits, the Middle East is regarded as a heavy and necessary contributor. As to the ultimate

question of war based on Communist aggression, the British hope in the last analysis to remain neutral and continue selling to both parties.

Our optimistic assumption that Great Britain is irrevocably dedicated to alliance with us despite what she may conceive to be her own best interests, is not warranted by events. In her desperate struggle to stay the flow of history, Britain has lapsed into a position of socialism in which Marxist dogma at home is combined with a rigid power exploitation of all possible profit sources abroad. Classically this phase is known as National Socialism. By nature of its own inward pressures, such a system is compelled to withdraw from common world aims as being inapplicable to its own needs.

This clear trend may be read in an official announcement made by the British Labour party at its 47th Annual Party Conference on May 19 this year. Despite the natural prudence resulting from Britain's dependence on American dollar loans and gifts, the Labour party declared that the construction of a Western European Union on a capitalist basis and in military alliance with the United States against Russia, would only lead to World War III. It demanded cooperation with European Marxist groups to take practical steps in order to achieve "the United Socialist States of Europe" in complete military and political independence of the United States and the Soviet Union.

It is in the light of such declarations as this, which must be more properly regarded than the ephemeral rhetoric of British diplomats, that the situation in the Middle East must be weighed. It is in this light, too, independent of London's view, that our own security relations to the Near and Middle East must be considered.

IV

From London's viewpoint, British income and trade depend largely on the maintenance of feudal and backward conditions, so that there can be no challenge to Britain's commercial leadership in these territories. Particularly, London looks with horror on the prospect of a modern, manufacturing people situated directly in the Middle East, who by virtue of its talents and location could usurp this important market for itself and even encourage a final industrialization of the entire area. To the United States, on the other hand, a successful industrialized economy in the Middle East such as that indicated by the presence of Israel, would be of the greatest possible advantage. There would be a benefit in increased trade in high-level commodities such as automobiles and machinery, which this area is not equipped to produce. By our own formula in the ERP program, the existing poverty, feudalism and industrial backwardness of the Middle East provides the necessary soil for the growth of Communism. Only a modern state, dependent upon a free-enterprise economy and free of the

strangulation of alien exploitation and power control, can be relied on to resist Russian encroachment or Communist blandishments. Such a rôle cannot possibly be filled by subsidized nomads or picturesque Arabian despots. These, by their very existence in a strategic area, are a menace to our own pattern of world security.

Contrary to its repeated propaganda claims, it is not the weakness of the Jews which upsets London, but their economic and military power. The British are aware that military strength in modern terms is based upon discipline, industrial skill and a high order of civilized intelligence. These the Jews have demonstrated they possess in abundance, causing the British to realize that unless a stop is put to the entire Zionist project, Israel and not Britain will become the central military and trading power of this territory.

This possibility the men of Whitehall have viewed with extreme concern over the years. It has been the parent of a quietly implemented effort to break the back of the Jewish colonization at all costs, an effort which has been materially promoted by the presence in the British bureaus of individuals whose hatred for Jews borders on the pathological. On the material side was the discovery, after Britain accepted the Palestine Mandate on behalf of the Jews, that the Dead Sea contained enormous sources of wealth; and that the Negeb, which British officials solemnly described to the U. S. Palestine Commission as a

bleak desert "with absolutely no value," contained fabulous amounts of oil.

The grave concern with which the British regard the situation is indicated in their expenditure of an amount equal to 20 per cent of the American loan in an all-out military and naval patrolling effort to prevent immigration, and in sending the war supplies demanded by this course to their Arab allies.

At the time President Truman requested the admittance of 100,000 DPs into Palestine as a result of the findings of the Harrison Report, London was in a real jam. Britain was seeking the American loan and was still attempting to give the appearance of willingness to fulfill its obligations to the Jews under the Mandate. To extricate herself she countered with the claim that to follow Mr. Truman's demand would require the presence of 500,000 American troops to protect the hapless Jews. Would America be willing to do this?

The fact which this distortion covered — a fact well known to the British Military — was that the Jews, with their discipline, intelligence and industry, were more than a match for all of the Arab countries put together, barring British participation in the struggle. If Israel were allowed to purchase its supplies freely on the open market, as do other nations, and could accept the trained immigrants who are anxious to settle there, the Jewish state would become by far the strongest power in Western Asia.

The British plan of conquest against Israel was similar to the plan used by Germany and Italy against Spain. The territory of Israel was subjected to an airtight blockade to keep help in the way of munitions or men from reaching the beleaguered Jews. The usual power maneuvers and diplomatic horse trading in the councils of the nations closed the trap tight.

The Jews were systematically disarmed as far as possible. Meanwhile, the British were ostensibly abandoning control over Palestine as an insufferable burden. Actually, the British openly organized and armed local Arab forces, and arranged an unofficial incursion from neighboring countries.

From the political side, these thinly disguised contingents from Syria, Iraq and other countries, were led by the Grand Mufti of Palestine, a British-appointed adventurer who later turned on his benefactors to join the Nazis, but who, for the purpose of the Palestine plan, was forgiven. On the military side, the leader was one Fauzi Bey el Kaukuji, an officer of the Iraqi Army, who also had joined the Nazis during World War II, and who, during World War I, had been an officer in the Turkish army fighting to suppress the very Arab nationalism he was now defending.

To the consternation of London, the Jews demonstrated a military skill and stamina which routed the Arabs completely wherever the two forces met. An object lesson for

Whitehall was the incursion of a few hundred members of the Jewish Irgun against the city of Jaffa, held by Iraq and Syrian troops. After a few days of fighting, the Arab "liberators" left Jaffa in complete rout, though not before looting the homes and shops of the inhabitants.

Faced with this humiliating fact, the British, without explanation, suddenly threw their own troops into the fight and shelled the advancing Jews. Battleships, heavy artillery and low-flying British Spitfires threatened the city of Tel Aviv with destruction unless the Jews retreated. Preliminary shells were dropped into the city to make the threat good. The same situation prevailed in Jerusalem, which the Jews could have taken within a few days at any time if the British had not interfered. Haifa fell in a lightning operation before the British could recover their wits.

During all of this time the British had been turning over their own military positions and supplies to the Arabs, furnishing them not only with British weapons but with American armor and guns which had been turned over to the British Government by Washington.

How all of this worked is indicated by an incident which is the pattern for many others. Haganah, the Jewish defending force, had taken a strong point on the Jerusalem-Tel Aviv Road, which was being used as a base for Iraqi units operating against Jewish food convoys. The British General MacMillan intervened and informed

the Jews that unless they withdrew, the British Army would attack. On the assurance of the British that British army units would take over within two hours after evacuation, and to prevent the village from again becoming a base for hostile operations, the Jews withdrew. Two hours later, the British force arrived to take over — it was a unit of Abdullah's Arab Legion.

After the utter rout of Fauzi Bey el Kaukuji, who ignominiously fled the Mishmar Maemek battlefield into neighboring Transjordan, London took its final gamble. It announced that Britain would have no more responsibility for whatever took place in Palestine after May 15. Under direct British sponsorship, the surrounding Arab countries served notice that they intended to invade in full military strength on this date. Despite this declaration of wanton aggression, London continued openly to turn over large quantities of tanks, heavy artillery, airplanes and other mechanized arms to the Arabs.

In the case of the Arab Legion, all important posts were manned by Britishers. In the other Arab armies, British officers and men were attached in large numbers after "deserting" the resident British forces. Whole contingents of German prisoners of war, including highly-placed and skilled officers, conveniently "escaped" from the POW camps at Alexandria and came in by British-controlled railroad to join the Arabs.

All existing Arab arms used in the

current struggle are British. In the case of Spitfires, hastily repainted from British to Arab insignia, the operating and ground personnel are also British, since the Arabs are incapable of handling this type of equipment. The same is true with regard to the mechanized artillery which is being used for long range bombing of Jewish positions.

While all of this was going on, a tight embargo was placed on the Jews with the active participation of the American State Department, so that they were virtually the butt of international sanctions of a kind which UN phraseology provides against an "aggressor." The American State Department, which was being propagandized in every conceivable manner to believe that the Jews entering Palestine were "all Bolsheviks," co-operated handsomely. Wherever it could possibly do so with a good face, in the deliberations of the United Nations and elsewhere, the United States made itself party to this disreputable business, backing British objectives directly or surreptitiously, and providing the financial support which British military expenditures in the Middle East required.

v

Despite the wall of isolation designed to strangle the new-born state of Israel, the little country has given an expert account of itself. It has proved itself to possess by far the most able fighting force in this section of the world. The superiority of the Israelis,

based on discipline, intelligence and organization, has been observed in every case where close-quarter fighting was involved. Prevented from buying arms on the outside, with amazing resourcefulness and ingenuity, the Israelis made their own, although these were necessarily limited to light mortars and to the armoring of ordinary vehicles in lieu of tanks.

In all of this brutal piece of business it seems clear that the United States, by its de facto collaboration with the aggressors, is acting contrary to its own best interests as well as to its own declared principles. The military values are irrationally conceived; we are abandoning our friends in favor of more than questionable associates; we are embarked on a course which involves the jettisoning of our own declared principles, and which is certain to play directly into the hands of the Russians by destroying whatever faith mankind may have in our objectives and purposes.

Here it is important to note that the Russians understand completely what Washington only dimly perceives, that the great questions between the Soviet Union and the United States will be decided not only by relative military position, but by the attitude of the groping masses of mankind over the globe. These will determine for themselves the exact meaning of freedom, security and human purpose in accordance with their evaluation of what is taking place. For the United States in this

most climactic of moments to make common purpose with aggressive and conspiratorial imperialism, destroys our moral position as against the Soviet Union, and makes us not an ethical superior but a mere power competitor. In a world charged with social bitterness, suspicion and unrest, this factor alone cannot be lightly regarded.

Nowhere has there been a more violent anti-Communist feeling than in the territory which is now Israel. The Soviet Union had been traditionally anti-Zionist, castigating Zionism as the advance agent for western imperialism. Within the borders of the USSR, Zionism was prohibited by law as counter-revolutionary, and punishable by long imprisonment or death. This bitter antagonism was warmly returned by the Zionists themselves. Within the Palestine Hebrew community Communists were ostracized and Communism practically did not exist. On the other hand, among the Arabs in the Middle East, perhaps because of the poverty and social degradation which have accounted for its development in Europe, Communism has grown rapidly into a powerful force; it is regarded as virtually the sole agency of political reform. Even more disturbing to the free West should be the fact that the masses of Armenians, Christian Assyrians and others, who have been reduced to hopelessness by Arabo-British policy, are looking solely to the Soviet Union for rescue.

The strangulation of the little

democracy of Israel, if it should be brought about, will extinguish the last remaining bit of faith held among the masses of Asia in the ideals and principles of the West, of which the United States is the spokesman. This is true among the minority of progressive Arabs themselves, most of whom, contrary to what is currently conceived, are sympathetic to a free Israel as a precursor to a free and federated Near and Middle East. These people have been terrorized into silence, but they remain. These Arab intellectuals and leaders, who have been butchered and brutalized by the present régime, represent the future adjustment of Arabia to modern civilization. If these seekers after freedom and democracy are disillusioned by the cynicism and self-seeking of a West bent only on the conscienceless exploitation of their countries, it is they and not the Arab kings who will turn their eyes toward Moscow.

The existing British plan, which is to be maintained in one guise or another, is to divide up Palestine among the various British satellites, giving Iraq an outlet to the sea through Haifa, consolidating the Negeb and much of the coast under Abdullah, and placating Ibn Saud with the Red Sea port of Aqaba. The Jews are to be reduced to a helpless little international ghetto on the coast, which will come under the

title of a Jewish Commonwealth. All of the Arab states are then to be developed into a "Middle-East Defensive Organization," which is to be linked to the great new African Empire Britain is developing, and which will continue to be ruled by British economic interests, British guns and British "advisors."

This whole series of actions is nothing more or less than international brigandage. Washington's condonement of them can only be described as murder by permission. But it is not enough to castigate our own part in the situation as morally inexcusable. From the material and security viewpoint, our policy has been so irrational as to border on the fantastic. If America has not abandoned all pretense to rational judgment, it will actively assist rather than oppose the establishment by the Hebrew people of their own free state. The Hebrews are a modern Western people, brave, gifted, industrious and resourceful. Their presence in numbers in the Near East is an absolute desideratum to any sound American policy. Here they may be relied upon to become a powerful outpost for that traditional Western civilization to which they have contributed so much in the past.

From the American viewpoint, this is the only possible reading which can be given the military and social realities as they exist in this portion of the globe.

ROSS OF THE NEW YORKER

BY ALLEN CHURCHILL

HAROLD ROSS, who has been editor of the *New Yorker* ever since he originated it in 1925, is one of the most incongruous figures ever to walk on the American literary scene. The *New Yorker*, as everybody knows, is the sophisticated magazine designed for smart New Yorkers and read by smart people everywhere. Ross, however, is a walnut-faced, gap-toothed, frontier roughneck who might have been expected to land in almost any berth but the one he chose. The contrasts between him and his magazine are as glaring as those between New York City and Aspen, Colorado, where Ross was born 56 years ago.

In appearance a man whose leathery features combine the cowboy look of Will Rogers with the moon-mad expression of Harpo Marx, and whose manners are rough, Ross seems many layers of civilization removed from the elegant, top-hatted Eustace Tilley, whose aloof scrutiny of a butterfly has become the trademark of *New Yorker* urbanity. In actions Ross, who is tireless, cantankerous and probably happy, is equally far removed from the unruffled calm of his magazine, and over the years his uninhibited

doings have practically assumed the proportions of a Manhattan legend.

According to legend, Ross, a garrulous man, spends most of his day uttering a lament on his troubles. In moments of greatest anguish he lifts his eyes to heaven and yells, "God, how I pity me!" Asked how he feels, his standard reply is a thundering "Terrible." "If Ross ever answered *'fine,'*" Dorothy Parker cracked once, "I'd know the *New Yorker* was finished." Ross particularly enjoys complaining about being needlessly consulted on petty office matters. One day as he discoursed on this theme before a new employee, an office boy burst in. "I hate to bother you, Mr. Ross," the boy panted, "but what shall I do? A gentleman is trying to commit suicide in the men's room." Ross cast a triumphant look at the new employee. "See what I mean?" he asked.

In the company of men no sentence Ross speaks is without its chunk of unadorned, top-sergeant profanity. Asked if he had been a happy man, he answered, "It's been a son of a bitch of a life, I guess." Bidding farewell to a writer, he threw an affectionate arm around the departing one. "God bless

ALLEN CHURCHILL is a former managing editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He served on Yank during the war, and since then has been doing mostly free-lancing.

you, McNulty, God damn it," he said. In the presence of women Ross heroically confines his swearing to the word Buckwheat, a term of scorn. Moreover, he has labored to stem profanity among others in the *New Yorker* office. "If you put swear words in memos to me," he warned males on the staff, "put the memos in envelopes and seal. There are women around."

On occasions when Ross undertakes to be charming the results are usually strange. Once James Thurber introduced him to his eye doctor. "I have no use for professional men," Ross stated loudly. Then he began a happy cross-examination of the doctor. At the end of the evening he declared himself an authority on the human eye. Inviting a writer to lunch to offer him a job, Ross announced, "I'm late, God damn it," when they met. Learning the writer was from the South he expounded for two hours on patent medicines and Coca-Cola. Stopping abruptly he demanded, "Want to work up here?" After the writer joined the staff, Ross did not speak to him for three years. Now when the two meet, they talk about eels.

II

How Ross, the rough Colorado diamond, has been able to produce the *New Yorker*, a magazine unerring in its excellent taste, is a major mystery. He has, for one thing, displayed a steady lack of interest in popular taste. Where other editors devote

themselves to studying reader-interest charts, Ross maintains, "An editor prints only what pleases him — if enough people like what he likes, he is a success." There can be no doubt that Ross, whose magazine is now worth \$5 million, has been a success, though a maddening and inexplicable one. "Without question he is the most brilliant magazine editor of our time," Bennett Cerf (whose wedding Ross attended carrying an antique shotgun) once wrote. "No man," says Russell Maloney, who spent eleven years working for Ross, "has been the subject of so much analysis, interpretation and explanation — with so little result." His staff, when asked to explain him, falls back on the simple statement that Ross is a genius; but the answer may be that Ross, who teems with notions and prejudices, knows best what he does not like and, being a genius, what he does like is exactly right.

Ross himself, who once said to Robert Benchley, "I don't want you to think I'm not incoherent," is seldom coherent about what guides him as an editor. Only about morals in his magazine does he appear to have a definite standard. "I don't know," he will mutter over a realistic piece, "some pregnant woman might read it and have a miscarriage." Office legend has it that such a woman once wrote him about being shocked by a story in the *New Yorker*, with such results. This frightened Ross for life, though if the lady suffered it was probably from laughter rather than realism.

Over the years an aggressive prudishness, coupled with instinctive good taste, has kept questionable material from Ross' tightly-edited magazine. One of James Thurber's first jobs on the staff was to search for innuendo the copy of such worldly writers as Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley. Knowing Ross' prudishness they delighted in devising subtle *double entendres*.

Personally editing everything that goes into the *New Yorker*, Ross, who does not look his age and has about him the quality of a grown-up Tom Sawyer, reads all material in galley form. He hauls his typewriter to him, leans over it and begins to read the galley, concentrating so intensely that his tongue hangs from his mouth like that of an overworked horse. Tearing into each sentence before him for accuracy, complete information and straightforward style, he is driven by a passion for perfection, a furious determination to make each issue better than the one before. In this he is assisted by an ignorance fantastic in a grown man—an ignorance which enables him to approach material as an editor ideally should, without prejudice or previous information. No one knows when Ross left school. He himself is vague on the subject, admitting only that he was a part-time newspaper reporter at thirteen and full-time shortly after. Quitting school so young, Ross had little time to learn. After he had proceeded to immerse himself completely in day-to-day newspaper work, he never found

time to make himself an educated man. Behind his ignorance, however, lies a vast though oddly negative curiosity. Only when a galley is placed before him does he burn to know every detail of the subject it covers. Often Ross' queries, which he types and numbers to correspond with numbers he puts on the galley, run longer than the original piece. Once he spent a happily profane afternoon exposing the inadequacies of a Reporter-at-Large article, only to discover it was the second half of two parts.

In his ceaseless quest for perfection in print, the curious editor of the *New Yorker* has focused his fierce attention on a multitude of subjects, and considers himself an expert on most. Particularly he claims the status of expert on eels, the Sargasso Sea, eunuchs, railroads and finance. After discovering Wells' *Outline of History*, and being delighted and amazed by its contents, he became an authority on world history. Nothing delights Ross more than to learn something he never suspected. Discovering that birds are descended from reptiles, he spent days buttonholing members of his staff. "Jeez Christ," he demanded happily, "do you know a bird is a snake?"

New Yorker writers insist that their magazine has no definite style, though there is a widespread belief that they are trained to write a certain way. Rather, they say, it is the checking, re-writing and re-checking, spearheaded by Ross and followed by every editor down the line—the

constant, meticulous insistence on perfection — that creates the *New Yorker* style. So many new facts are added, so many sentences clarified and rearranged that *New Yorker* writing becomes as easy to read as strained baby food is to eat.

Ross, who was among the first to use one-line captions and to link cartoons with contemporary events, goes through the same inspired fussing over the cartoons and covers, which are perhaps more famous than *New Yorker* prose. His memory for art is phenomenal. At one drawing, re-submitted after nearly a year, he barked, "He's darkened the sky." "No, he hasn't," the art editor assured him. "Find out," Ross ordered. The sky had been darkened. Ross' determination on excellence inevitably carries over to captions. Seldom is the artist's own caption used; often the caption is first perfected in the office, then farmed out to an artist. But no matter how short, captions are re-written numberless times. To date the office record is held by a Peter Arno caption, which passed through every typewriter in the office and was three years in the perfecting.

III

Ross was born on November 6, 1892, the son of a militant anti-Mormon who, when Harold was seven, moved his family from Colorado to Salt Lake City, in order to be nearer the fray. Another anti-Mormon, of the period was the publisher of the Salt

Lake City *Tribune*. This man shortly became a friend of Ross' father, and Ross started part-time work in the city room of the *Tribune* while still in grammar school, becoming a full-time reporter a little later. Soon the *Tribune* began to confine the juvenile journalist and, still under eighteen, he set out for California, beginning a career as journeyman reporter which took him to newspapers up and down the West Coast, to Atlanta, Washington, and finally, during the first world war, to editorship of the Army paper, *Stars and Stripes*.

Exactly when the idea of the *New Yorker* first exploded in Ross' teeming brain is not known. Today he says he developed ideas for six different magazines in the years between 1919 and the start of the *New Yorker*. He was an editor of the humor magazine, *Judge*, when one day early in 1924 he invited Raoul Fleischmann, of the baking family, to lunch. Addicted to poker and masculine companionship, the pair had met at the celebrated Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club, whose members included such New York literary wits as Alexander Woollcott, Franklin P. Adams and George S. Kaufman. An urbane and ingratiating man, Fleischmann was one of the few millionaires allowed in the Thanatopsis. At their luncheon, Ross informed Fleischmann that he wanted to start his own magazine and needed financial backing. A veteran of seventeen years in the baking business, Fleischmann was looking for a more colorful career, and

showed interest until Ross began outlining one of his six ideas. Fleischmann did not like it and, after a moment of confusion, Ross spoke about a smart local magazine which would have the light, sophisticated approach to life of the *Thanatopsis* wits. Fleischmann liked this idea better. At later luncheons he agreed to put up \$150,000 and become the publisher, which he is today. The name *New Yorker* was supplied by the late John Peter Toohey, a Broadway press agent.

Ballyhooed by posters of Eustace Tilley, the Rea Irvin dandy who has decorated every anniversary issue since, the magazine first appeared on New York newsstands on February 21, 1925. Through its first spring and summer the magazine did badly. Its circulation dwindled so alarmingly that Fleischmann considered withdrawing his investment, and called a luncheon at the Princeton Club for the purpose of doing this. He, Eugene Spaulding, the business manager, Ross, and John Hanrahan, a publishers' counsellor, sat down to a gloomy meal. Only Hanrahan, whose connection with the magazine had been slight, radiated hope. He was a brisk, voluble Irishman who talked in a husky whisper and who used words in such peculiar combinations that his associates collected Hanrahan phrases, as Hollywood wags collect the utterances of Sam Goldwyn. In picturing a bright future, Hanrahan's talk rose to intoxicating heights, and it is possible that listening to his dizzying verbiage

weakened Fleischmann. At any rate, as the four parted after luncheon Fleischmann made up his mind to stay with the *New Yorker*.

By January 1926 the magazine was catching on and Ross, who for the first months had practically worked alone, in the offices at 25 West 45th Street, began accumulating a staff. For an editor with his high standards, this was comparable to assembling a symphony orchestra, yet Ross operated solely on the theory that by hiring enough people he would eventually find the perfect ones. Quickly the *New Yorker* became populated with men he liked as drinking companions, others who merely drifted in the door, and strays from all quarters of the literary world. Among the writers Ross hired was one who developed the shakes if he touched paper: an office boy had to stand at his side, feeding the paper into his typewriter. One female writer usually behaved normally except that at intervals each day she carefully removed her rings, wristwatch and other jewelry. Leaving these on her desk, she walked to another office where she telephoned her husband, to whom she delivered an unmerciful tongue-lashing. Then, returning to her desk, she put on her jewelry and again applied herself to work.

Fanatically determined that each issue of his magazine be perfect, Ross demanded endless re-writes, queried all facts and howled endlessly for improvement. This drove his frantic and constantly shifting staff to sani-

tariums, to fits on the floor and to threatening him with violence. Ross further added to the general discomfort by a magnificent impatience with office design. Seeking to achieve the perfect office, as well as the perfect magazine and staff, he ordered walls smashed, built up, and smashed again, while partitions and furniture were switched almost daily. Returning from lunch to find a pneumatic drill busy outside his office, James Thurber, Ross' most celebrated writer and cartoonist, gathered all the available metal wastebaskets and bowled them down the hall in noisy protest. Finally the drill retired, leaving Thurber free to write. At another time the confusion became so complete that Thurber posted a sign, *Alterations Going On as Usual During Business*.

Ross' fond dream during this period was to sit at a central desk with push-buttons and supervise each issue by remote control, like a general directing a campaign. Temperamentally unsuited to organizing such a utopian system, he hoped for a managing editor who would. With colossal naïveté he believed that most of the men he hired for his editorial department were just the ones he wanted for this position. These men — who were referred to as the Jesuses to Ross' God — would be told, immediately on being hired, to start organizing the office. Wandering off, they quickly discovered that Ross ran everything himself and that no one, Jesus or otherwise, had been

able to get the slightest organizing authority away from him. Some time later the Jesus would pass Ross in the hall. Ross would not speak — he had either forgotten the new man or had hired another managing editor. After that the Jesus would sit collecting his pay until Ross summoned the nerve to fire him, which sometimes took years.

IV

While driving his staff Ross also drove himself. Considering the *New Yorker* a 24-hour job, he seldom thought or talked of anything else. The image of Ross concentrating on his magazine became so impressed on his staff that, learning the man was to become the father of a child, one editor murmured, "Conceived in an absent-minded moment, no doubt."

At this time Ross, in manner and appearance, was the roughest of rough diamonds, a sloppy dresser who permitted his hair to grow straight up from his scalp so that he would not have to use a comb. "He is essentially a desert rat," wrote a friend at the time, "unequal to the amenities that well-mannered people, even well-mannered plumbers, consider necessary to living." Ross could not, for example, summon up the geniality required to say Good Morning to anyone on arriving at the office. Office boys at the *New Yorker* were instructed never to speak to Mr. Ross. The men working for him admired his ability and integrity to such an extent that they were willing to

overlook anything, while outside friends often found his lack of manners appealing. "Ross is the only man I know," said Charles MacArthur, "who has charm in his roughness."

"It has always amazed me," said another friend once, "that the most naïve of men can edit the most sophisticated of magazines." Ross early went on record as objecting to women in offices, believing that association between the sexes inevitably led to trouble. Often he announced at the top of his voice, "I will keep sex out of this office if it's the last thing I do." After the inter-office marriages of Katherine Angell and E. B. White, and Lois Long and Peter Arno, Ross was forced to abandon these efforts, confining himself to announcing on occasion, "Sex is an incident."

From the very first days of his magazine, Ross has insisted that no representative of the advertising or business departments ever set foot in the editorial office. Unlike others which began with this noble resolve, the *New Yorker* has hewed to it. In the days when the magazine occupied a single floor Ross ordered a partition erected between editorial and business departments. Members of those departments, who were not without humor, christened this partition the Chastity Belt, but there is no record of anyone violating it. When a member of the advertising department won the Irish sweepstakes, the halls of the business office rang with celebration, while reporters and photographers tore in to interview the lucky

girl. Despite the sounds from across the partition, however, no member of the editorial department joined, or even investigated, the fun. Even Raoul Fleischmann, the publisher, is subject to Ross' iron non-fraternization decree. Encountering him in the editorial office, one writer was taken aback. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "I have permission to come," Fleischmann answered humbly.

v

"I have been laid up with duodenal ulcers, half the staff has gone to war, and I'm sorely pressed," Ross wrote to a friend in 1944. The war as well as his ulcers has had a sobering, even a mellowing, effect on the rambunctious Ross. Always believing that, with the exception of men like Thurber, White and Wolcott Gibbs, he could easily staff his magazine, Ross was suddenly faced with a frightening shortage of editors and writers. This caused him to appreciate those he had, and the selfless way they served him through the war brought more appreciation. Today Ross, always the man of extremes, values his staff mightily and speaks to everyone, including office boys, in the halls.

Ross' ulcers have forced him to tame his actions, but he remains a highly active man, proud that 24 intense, dedicated years have kept him young. They have also kept him refreshingly folksy and unspoiled. Some years ago he heard that Henry Luce, the prim publisher of *Life*, *Time* and *Fortune*, objected to a

Profile of himself which was to be published in the *New Yorker*. Ross decided to call Luce. When his secretary said, "Mr. Luce is on the phone," Ross casually lit a cigarette, sauntered over to the phone and said, "Hi, Luce." The two men decided to get together to discuss the Profile. "There isn't a single nice thing about me in the whole piece," Luce sputtered when they met. "That," said Ross, "is what you get for trying to be a baby tycoon."

Actual issues of the *New Yorker* have changed even less than Ross. While most other publications have been re-designed his remains the same size, with practically the same departments, and even the same type. (The type was designed by Rea Irvin, the magazine's first art director and called Irvin type.) An unabashed luxury magazine, the *New Yorker* by fast editorial footwork has survived a depression and a world conflict — in the latter case surprising everyone by producing superb war reporting.

Today the magazine is more serious than ever before; indeed, in a supposedly humorous magazine, the cartoons are the only feature which consistently strive to be funny. Within the last two years the magazine has run important stories on the bombing of Hiroshima (by John Hersey) and the Greenville lynching (by Rebecca West). Like most fruits of Ross' editorial judgment, these two articles were highly successful and easily justified the more serious turn the magazine has taken.

Still a relentless perfectionist in the office, Ross even now makes efforts toward supreme office efficiency. As part of his new policy of catering to the staff, he recently decided a lounge would make his writers more contented. By shifting partitions and reducing office space, a lounge was created. The lounge was windowless; it derived light from the halls through heavy glass which gave it an air of elegance different from other offices on the floor. This much accomplished, Ross found another interest and no one bothered to provide furniture for the room. Last year, when a smallpox scare swept New York, the lounge was used by the doctor who vaccinated the staff.

Ross still appears to labor 24 hours a day, working at home in the morning — either in his apartment on Park Avenue or at his country home in Stamford, Connecticut — then going to the office after lunch at the Algonquin to work until anywhere from 6 P.M. to midnight. His closest friends outside the office are a private detective, a wholesale grocery dealer and a photographer. For his vacation trips he usually meets Dave Chasen, the comedian turned Hollywood restaurateur. With Ray Schindler, his detective friend, Ross has played innumerable practical jokes over the years. Once he stole a small metal sign from a bookstore which said, "This property is under the protection of the Schindler Detective Agency." After seeing this in Ross' office, Schindler repaired to the Hotel

New Yorker, where he lifted a bath-mat which said "The New Yorker." When Ross in turn had seen this in Schindler's bathroom he got some New Yorker Hotel stationery and wrote a letter demanding the mat, signing the letter "House Detective." There this gag seems to have died, but as a result of his practical jokes Ross' office for years was a museum of oddities which has boasted such collectors' items as the opera hat Rudolph Valentino wore on the night of his fatal collapse. Another collector around town had secured this choice item and enshrined it in a glass case. Seeing it there, the redoubtable Charles MacArthur smashed the case with his fist and ran with the trophy to the *New Yorker* office. There, with fitting ceremonies, he presented the hat to Ross.

One of the most fascinating games in literary Manhattan is speculation

about what will happen to the *New Yorker* when Ross no longer edits it. More than any other magazine editor, it is pointed out, Ross *is* his magazine. It is possible to discuss either Ross or the magazine, while covering the same subjects, making the same points, and arriving at the same conclusions. Many observers believe that William Shawn, Ross' number-one managing editor who though unlike Ross personally reflects him as an editor, will be the successor who will continue the course of the magazine. Others predict its speedy collapse after Ross leaves.

Ross himself is aware of this speculation and will have none of it. A man who seldom looks beyond next week's issue of his magazine, he has settled for himself the question of what will happen to the *New Yorker* when he retires or dies. "It will go its God-damn way, I guess," he says.

PHRASE ORIGINS—34

TO CALL THE TURN: When Mr. Edwin Pauley assured a congressional investigating committee that anyone experienced in the commodity market could have called the turn on the postwar upswing, he probably did not realize that he was salting his vocabulary with the argot of the *faro-bank*, once the most popular as well as the most corrupt of American gambling games. In *faro*, the dealer draws the cards from a dealer's box in pairs, each pair being known as a turn, harking back to the old days before dealing boxes when dealers "turned" the cards over from a pack held in the hand. The players bet by stacking chips on a layout consisting of thirteen cards pasted face up on a table; they attempt to predict the order in which cards will be drawn from the box or, in the argot of the bank, to call the turn. Since both dealers and players often were — and are — adept cheaters, calling the turn usually involved more chicanery than luck. Today the phrase as used in the popular sense means to predict an event with accuracy and cunning.

DAVID MAURER AND EVERETT DEBAUN

OUR MISTAKES IN GERMANY

BY S. MILES BOUTON

AMERICAN military occupation in Germany is well into its third year. In our zone, as in the others, Military Government has plenary powers regarding every activity of the conquered. It makes the laws and it administers them, either directly or through citizens of the conquered nation. It supervises the German courts and, where necessary, creates its own courts. It regulates all phases of business, industry, education, housing and communication. American Military Government holds all the power and bears all the responsibility. What is the situation for which it must be held accountable?

"In some respects the Germans are facing their most disastrous days at the present moment." This statement was made by General Lucius D. Clay, American Military Governor, in a speech last February 3 at Stuttgart. He was addressing a mob of Germans who had protested against food rations that were hardly above the starvation level. He was admitting, in other words, that after 32 months of occupation, and after hun-

dreds of millions of dollars had been poured in, conditions in the American zone had grown worse rather than better.

Reporting from Germany has been inadequate. Few of the American journalists who know Germany intimately from long residence and study, who are masters of the language, and who understand the German mores and thinking habits, have been put to work. Several have offered to serve with the State Department and Military Government in any capacity, but their offers have always been rejected by subordinates who could not understand that they were not merely "looking for a job." Enough, however, has been disclosed by such reporting as has been done to justify Robert M. LaFollette's statement, before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee in January, that Military Government's policies in Germany had been "ill-conceived." If any competent observers not connected with the government have contradicted Mr. LaFollette I have overlooked their statements, despite

S. MILES BOUTON left the practice of law for journalism. He was sent to Germany in 1911 by the Associated Press, and remained in Europe as a correspondent for 23 years. He was expelled from Germany in 1934 because of an article, "Germany Sinks into Slavery," which appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He has written several books in English and German.

a wide reading of our daily and periodical press.

There is no longer any question that our rule in Germany has been a well-nigh total failure. The men who set our Military Government policy know themselves that it has been a failure. They have not, of course, specifically owned up to their errors; but they have admitted it nevertheless by reversing virtually every one of our major policies in Germany. The reversal is only just getting under way now, and many of the older policies have not been completely jettisoned. Nevertheless, in a halting, fumbling manner, we are beginning to repair the damage done in two years of sheer folly. Some searching questions are being asked about those years.

Why, for example, did more than two years elapse before the Germans were permitted to help themselves, if only in a small way, by exporting goods for which labor and raw material had existed from the beginning — glassware, porcelain, wooden toys and other articles of wood?

Why was an order issued last October by the American (and British) authorities for the destruction of nearly seven hundred more industrial plants, more than half of which were conceded to be incapable of producing war materials? Labor which could have been engaged in useful work had to be diverted to the dismantling process. The machinery and other equipment are now being sent abroad as reparations. If the plants had been

put into operation where they stood, reparations paid from their output would have been available much sooner, and without the added expense involved in dismantling, shipping and re-installing their equipment. Government spokesmen have defended the order, but independent, informed observers, representing a variety of leading newspapers, condemned it.

It was reported later that the program for destruction of the plants was not to be carried out as rigorously as had originally been planned. The excesses of the denazification policy, which will be referred to later, are also being modified. The trial of the Krupp industrialists has collapsed. The decartelization plans, apparently never seriously put into effect, are being abandoned in part. The agreement to hold back Germany's industrial productivity to a stated figure is about to be dropped. All along the line one can sense the beginnings of a confession that our policies and their administration have been failures.

II

What policies of our Department of State and Military Government, and what mistakes of administration, are responsible for the fact that so little has been accomplished?

The blunders have been partly psychological, partly economic and — this can fairly be said — partly philosophical. We have been un-Christian, motivated by a spirit of revenge. Edmund Burke told the House of

Commons more than a century-and-a-half ago that he knew no way of drawing up an indictment against a whole people. But the occupying powers and their governments have tried to do just that in Germany. Anglo-American jurisprudence knows nothing of collective guilt, yet that concept has been held by the victors over the Reich and has still not been abandoned.

A psychological blunder of enormous stupidity has been committed in the "re-education" and "democratizing" programs. A large majority of the Germans has been anti-Semitic for many years, and reports agree that anti-Semitism today is stronger and more widespread than ever before.¹ An intelligent policy would have recognized this fact and would have refrained from exacerbating that majority. But our Military Government has employed an amazingly large number of Jewish educators in its democratizing plan. There is no question of the standing and ability of these men, but it should be obvious that they cannot hope to gain the respect and consideration of their German "pupils." A precise parallel would be presented if an enemy government of occupation in the United States employed mostly Negroes to re-educate the whites of the Deep South.

Another blunder with grave consequences, one responsible for helping delay Germany's recovery, was the

agreement that she should not be permitted to recover economically more rapidly than the other states of Western Europe. The economic level and standard of living of a designated prewar year (1932) might not be exceeded. At the three-power and five-power conferences in Brussels and London last March, however, it was finally recognized that without German recovery there could be no general recovery. Even France has now seen the light, and has agreed that the western zones of Germany shall be included in the benefits of ERP. Only persons ignorant of the potentialities of German science, industry, efficiency and willingness to work hard can believe that the country can be held down indefinitely to a minor rôle in world affairs.

An American bishop who spent some time in Germany last fall and winter came back to report that the chief reason for the postwar débâcle was that "there are few German leaders. Most Germans of leadership qualities are in jail." This was somewhat exaggerated, of course, but it directs attention to what, in the long run, will be demonstrated to have been the most harmful blunder of all. This is the denazification folly, with its corollary — the vain belief that a people's folkways and mores can be altered, and its whole psyche changed, by foreign teaching and indoctrination. No democratic government can be imposed in permanence by victors on a conquered country. This idea, which is now obviously weakening,

¹See "German Anti-Semitism Today" by Richard Hanser, in the April 1948 AMERICAN MERCURY.

that the Germans could be re-educated to democracy, that they could be "democratized" by foreigners, shows plainly how little the men of the occupation knew of German history, the German mentality and even of human nature generally.

When Adolf Hitler came to power, Dr. Joseph Goebbels summoned all foreign correspondents to his Propaganda Ministry and made a long speech to them. Most of them, he said, had been writing against Hitler and National Socialism. Now, however, the Nazis were in power, "and you will have to change your minds." In reporting this incident to their newspapers, most of the correspondents did not fail to comment acidly on Goebbels' calm assumption that men could be made to change their opinions by order.

"He that complies against his will is of his own opinion still," wrote Samuel Butler some three centuries ago. That is elementary wisdom, but the Nazi leaders disregarded it by throwing tens of thousands of Germans into concentration camps, torturing, killing and bullying them in order to make them "change their minds." It has been equally disregarded by the formulators and administrators of our occupation policies.

The Military Government began by banning from any occupation except manual labor all Germans who had joined the National Socialist Party before May 1, 1937. Those who joined after that date were given a

chance to vindicate themselves, those who joined before could not do so unless their appeals were passed on by the highest authorities. In the main, only physicians have been exempted. Educators, scientists, judges, men prominent in business and industry have been interned, waiting for trials by German courts whose possible verdicts of acquittal can still be reversed by American authorities — another breach of the Anglo-American principle that no man may be placed in jeopardy twice for the same offense.

Consider the case of Fritz Kuhn. The former leader of the German-American Bund, who escaped from Dachau and was only recently apprehended, was tried last April *in absentia* and sentenced to prison. Not only may a defendant in a criminal case in the United States not be tried *in absentia*, but even the passing of sentence on him when he is not present in the courtroom is reversible error.

The reason for using the May 1937 date to separate the sheep from the goats is that before then it was necessary to make formal application for membership in the National Socialist Party. Our authorities naively assumed that all Germans who became members before May 1937 did so because they wanted a totalitarian government; because they wanted, in Hitler's phrase, to "see heads roll"; because they wanted political opponents imprisoned, tortured and killed; because they wanted the Jews deprived of citizenship and all human

rights. In brief, because they desired just what they subsequently got.

Some did desire that, of course, but observers who watched the events of the years from 1918 to March 1933 do not believe that the majority of Germans were so perverse as to long for the régime which they finally ended up with. They believed Hitler's oft-repeated avowals that he intended to come to power "only by legal means." They did not want the Jews exterminated, though probably a majority welcomed the prospect that they would be subjected to some disabilities.

This, of course, does not justify their joining the Nazis, but at least it explains their actions. Millions of Germans joined the Party not because they wanted the reign of felony, murder, torture and aggression that came, but for reasons which would have had a strong appeal to Americans in the same circumstances. The Nazis had been in power more than four years on May 1, 1937. In that period tens of thousands of German officials, judges, teachers, civil servants and others had been faced with the choice of "changing their minds" or being, at the best, pauperized, at the worst interned or killed.

A friend of mine of many years' standing was the owner of a small factory producing machine tools. He belonged to the Democratic party and was, by German standards, a believer in democracy and a supporter of the Republic. "What am I to do?" he asked me in the spring of 1934.

"I have a wife and three children. If I remain outside the Party I shall lose everything. The Brown Shirts keep coming to my factory and warning me that there will be trouble if I don't join."

This was the situation of a good many Germans. I know personally scores of men who faced the same alternatives as this man — become a Nazi or become a pauper. In the background loomed the concentration camp for persons merely suspected of not being *politisch zuverlässig*, i.e., politically dependable, by Nazi standards. No American who did not live in Germany in those days can realize what bravery and steadfastness were required to risk even the suspicion of opposition to Hitler's régime.

III

It is perhaps only natural that Americans, convinced that a republican form of government is always the best, welcomed the proclamation of the German Republic and the end of kings, dukes and princes. What they did not know, and refused to be told, was that a republican form of government was unsuited to the German mentality. Moreover, it came too suddenly. When Hermann Goering, testifying at the Nuremberg trial, declared that he regarded the Republic as inimical to the best interests of Germany, he spoke for the greater part of the German people, and certainly for the overwhelming majority of the educated classes. There never was a convinced republican majority

in Germany. Of the parties comprising the coalitions which, for most of the Republic's life, held the reins of government, only two — the Social Democrats and the tiny Democratic party — were republican at heart. The two Roman Catholic parties — Center and Bavarian People's party — were avowed monarchists to the end. The People's party, an occasional coalition partner, headed by Gustav Stresemann, "placed itself on the basis of the facts," as the current phrase had it, but it accepted the Republic only as a transition. It preferred a limited monarchy.

The men responsible for setting the May 1937 date did not know, or did not evaluate intelligently, one of the factors that played an important part in moving millions of Germans to join the Nazis before that date — this despite the fact that it played a larger rôle in our own zone than in any other except the small French zone. Roughly one third of the German people were Roman Catholics. In Bavaria, in the United States zone, two thirds of the people professed that faith. They predominated in the entire zone and made up as much as 80 per cent of the population in some parts of the Rhineland.

The Bavarian government played a leading part in facilitating Hitler's accession to power. The National Socialist Party had its headquarters in Munich. The state government furthered its rise in both legal and illegal ways. The two Clerical parties in the Reichstag voted in March 1933, with

no abstentions, for Hitler's Enabling Act, which dealt the death blow to the Republic.

In view of the hold of the Catholic Church on its members, it was only natural that hundreds of thousands of Catholics should follow the lead of the two Catholic parties that represented them in the Reichstag, and voted, nearly three and a half years before May 1937, to end the Republic and hand all power over to Hitler. And were not many high officials of the Nazis also Catholics? Franz von Papen, chief owner of *Germania*, the leading Catholic daily, and one of the most prominent laymen of the Church, was a Papal Chamberlain. He signed the Concordat with the Vatican as Nazi Ambassador, and said of it: "The Third Reich is the first power which not only recognizes but puts into practice the high principles of the Papacy." That Concordat was signed a full four years before the arbitrary 1937 date set by our Military Government. Dozens of men in high positions in the National Socialist Party were Catholics. It is not to be wondered at that a great number of German Catholics followed the example set by them. It would have been astonishing if they had not.

IV

At the end of January this year Pastor Martin Niemöller, who had previously been calling on his people to repent, issued a pastoral letter forbidding the clergy of his synod to act as informers or witnesses against Ger-

mans accused of Nazi membership. He declared that

our people have been led not down the path of atonement but down the road to reprisal, and the new seed of hatred which has been sown has grown profusely. The old system of guilt of kith and kin has returned. Tens of thousands have lost their work and daily bread to await in internment camps either sentencing or liberation.

General Lucius D. Clay rebuked Pastor Niemoeller for interfering with American policies. However, seven weeks later Francis E. Sheehan, acting director of the Hessian State Military Government, sent to Niemoeller and the Catholic bishops of Mainz and Limburg a letter endorsing church proposals for easing the denazification program and bringing it to an early end. A dispatch from Frankfurt-on-Main noted that this conciliatory attitude was "a turn-about from the original stand expressed by General Clay and many of his subordinates." Sheehan endorsed church proposals to ease employment sanctions on convicted minor Nazis, especially those in key positions, and to make softening measures retroactive. Internees held for months in labor camps without hearing or trial will be paid for their work there and amnesty will be given returned prisoners of war — which disclosed, for the first time, that soldiers who were inducted into the German Army had been punished for fighting against the Allies.

Personal letters from men and women in all parts of Germany have

been telling me for two years — what I did not need to be told — that Pastor Niemoeller spoke by the book when he declared that the denazification program had sown only a seed of hatred.

The long list of blunders included one more, now confessed and abandoned, but important in its bearing on the whole occupation policy. Former directors of the great Krupp works were placed on trial on charges of conspiracy to conduct a war of aggression. If the United States were ruled as was Nazi Germany, if it were engaged in war, and if a refusal to manufacture weapons of war and contribute money for it would mean the concentration camp or even death, one might wonder how many of our industrialists would have refused to obey orders. This quite apart from the fact that patriotism is not the monopoly of any country. "My country right or wrong" is a motto not unknown to Americans.

The decision to prosecute these men was not only indefensible, but also without foundation in either law or common sense. The trial went on for four months. Then it was suddenly ended, the three American judges admitting that the conspiracy charge could not be proved. They intimated that the defendants would be tried on further charges, but it is safe to predict that it will never be done. However, further grievances have been created and nourished.

The Catholic bishops of France

united in February in an appeal to the government to abandon the trials and pending trials of thousands of persons accused of collaborating with the Vichy Government. "We are convinced," said the appeal, "that three years after the liberation the time has come for measures to put an end to the anxiety and fears that keep the country in a permanent state of unrest."

Unrest will continue also in Germany and hatred will increase unless the occupying authorities abandon vengeance as a guiding motive and abandon the idea of collective guilt. During the first two years of the occupation all reports agreed that few Germans could be found who would admit that they had favored Hitler. Today the reports say that the percentage of those who openly declare that Hitler was right is increasing steadily. A dispatch from Berlin in January reported that a poll of 10,000 Germans in the Ruhr area disclosed that only 3.5 per cent favored the

United States form of government, while more than 75 per cent wanted a centralized governmental structure with more power at the top. This is a plain attestation of the failure of Anglo-American efforts to "democratize" and "reeducate" the people. It should astonish no one who knows the Germans.

The events of the last few months, with their sharp changes of front, amount plainly to a tacit admission that grave mistakes have been committed both in formulating and executing our policies toward a defeated Germany. The including of the United States, British and French zones in the European Recovery program is, from a purely materialistic viewpoint, especially significant. It should be disclosed before the end of the current year whether the damage done by mistaken policies was irreparable. There is as yet no adequate picture of the whole situation in Western Germany upon which to base any prophecy.

LAST WORDS OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

I walked and sat erect for thirty years,
A proud merchant of correct ideas,
Cold gladness and unsullied decorum.
I fashioned cautious men without souls
And brittle women with measured passions.

Behold a traitor
To his Creator.

NO DOLL WAS ABIGAIL

BY SIBYL WALKER

TO HER five-year-old granddaughter, Abigail was indeed no doll. Instead, she was an extremely old lady, in a pretty fichu and cap, who was always busy with vast shears amid piles of newspapers and correspondence. For Grandma Abigail Duniway was working doggedly on her autobiography, the book in which she meant to sum up her long and effective life.

Of far more importance to the little girl than Grandma was the huge Smith-Premier typewriter, a monstrous and somehow sullen thing that sat on a table in the corner, and on which the child was free to experiment with the eight banks of keys — caps on the four upper rows, small letters below. The machine seemed to the child quite wonderful, not because Grandma was writing *Path Breaking* on it, but because it clicked and thumped importantly, and produced neat black letters as if by magic on the sheet of paper.

Such is Margaret Duniway's memory of her grandmother, Abigail Scott Duniway, probably the most influential woman the Far West ever

produced. She would have been an influence anywhere, and had chance placed her in the eastern United States, instead of in the tall firs of the remote Northwest, her name would be as well known as that of her celebrated colleague, Susan B. Anthony. Both devoted the greater part of their lives to changing the status of women, though Mrs. Duniway, at least, had a rather low opinion of the breed. "One half of the women are dolls," she said, in a charmingly succinct sentence, "the rest are drudges, and we're all fools."

To turn dolls, drudges and fools into sovereign citizens, equal on all counts to their lords and masters, was to be for Mrs. Duniway a task of forty years, involving many heart-breaks. Like other pioneers in unpopular causes, she had to face rotten eggs and violence, cruel defamation of her character, and social ostracism, along the way. She took everything in stride. She worked with the best of humor, her courage was unbounded and she was enormously competent. But what set her apart in the field of woman's rights — perhaps to the ex-

SIBYL WALKER, a graduate of the University of Oregon, is a student of history who has specialized in Americana. She contributed an article on *Jemima Wilkinson, the religious mystic*, to the September 1947 issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

tent of making her unique — was that she would have no truck with Prohibition. That this independence of thought cost her dear in a day when woman's rights and Prohibition, then misnamed Temperance, went hand in hand, she well knew. But she was that kind of woman.

II

She was born Abigail Jane Scott on an Illinois farm, in 1834, one of ten children. Early in 1852, the Scotts set out for Oregon in covered wagons, arriving that fall in the Willamette valley, minus mother and one child who died on the long journey. Abigail promptly went to teaching school. She was a graceful, attractive girl in a pioneer land populated largely by single males. Within a year she had married Farmer Benjamin Duniway.

After nine years and six children, the support of the entire family was suddenly thrown upon Abigail because of an accident to her husband. She opened a private school which, though otherwise successful, did not provide sufficient income. Incidentally, it was in the teaching profession that Abigail got a clear view of how man's world was operated for men only: She held a first-grade teacher's certificate. A man teacher that she knew held one of the second grade. Yet his pay was almost twice as large as hers, simply because he wore trousers.

"All women are fools," said Abigail. She quit teaching school and set up, in Albany, Ore., and on a capital

of \$30, a millinery shop. Here, too, she learned more about the status of females. No married woman could legally own property, though she could be held responsible for her husband's debts. She could not sue for her services. Whatever she earned belonged to her husband. Spinsters were the wards of male relatives. All in all, women in the United States were considered perpetual minors. It had been thus since time out of mind.

More and more Abigail brooded over the dismal condition of females in the Republic. She talked about it with her husband, a highly intelligent and understanding man. He told Abigail that women would never be any better off until they had the right to vote. "If women helped to make the laws," he said, "then the laws would treat women better."

That was enough to set the dynamo that was Abigail to sparking. With two women friends she formed an Equal Rights Society, then picked up and moved to Portland, a metropolis of 8000 population, and prepared to start a periodical. Taking a house, she set up living quarters on the ground floor, and made the upstairs into editorial and business rooms. She engaged a printer and put two of her five sons to work in his shop. On May 5, 1871, the first issue of the *New Northwest* appeared. For the next fifteen years it was to startle, madden and amuse its steadily increasing number of readers.

Meanwhile, Abigail's younger brother, Harvey W. Scott, incom-

parably the ablest editor in the region, was making the *Morning Oregonian* into the outstanding newspaper of the entire West Coast. Although Editor Scott, according to his sister, gave her much good advice with her own periodical, he refused an ounce of editorial support to her campaign for equal rights. The Scotts, men and women, were given to intellectual independence, and not even the ties of blood could change them one iota.

Abigail Scott Duniway's *New Northwest* was no pale and pious sheet, praying aloud to God and His males to grant women their rights. It was an ably-edited and written weekly which, with no trace of self-consciousness, plunged into Oregon-style journalism, a style as free-wheeling and personal as any in this country. Trenchant was the word for Editor Duniway. "Brother Casey of the Dallas *Itemizer*," she wrote, "has recently taken to himself a wife, got rid of his obscene editorial associate, and once more is getting out a respectable journal."

The newspaper brotherhood might sneer at or attack the *New Northwest*, but not with impunity.

We see that the *Itemizer* now comes out with eight pages, six of which are printed in Chicago [wrote Abigail]. If the remaining two were also printed in Chicago, the paper would be much more interesting to the general reader, and quite as useful to the citizens of Polk county.

As fast as they stuck out their necks, Abigail mowed them down.

It was good for circulation, too, and many a male who blanched at the mere thought of females voting, took and read the *New Northwest* for its ability to hold its own in a hard-swinging male profession.

III

But Editor Duniway never lost sight of her goal. Every issue carried editorials, essays and other matter concerned with the right of women to conduct business on equal terms with men, to vote in any and all elections, even to hold office. Being gifted with shrewd understanding, however, Abigail took pains to offer readers something more than direct propaganda. She conducted one of the best columns of verse on the Pacific coast. She printed short stories. She advised women in matters of cooking and other household activities. She often commented on current affairs.

One of Editor Duniway's star contributors was Minnie Myrtle Miller, divorced wife of Cincinnati Miller, who had taken to calling himself "Joaquin" and had set up as a poet and genius. Miller, who was one tenth poet and nine tenths pure Barnum, had run off to London, leaving wife Minnie and kids to get along as best they could.

Editor Duniway was not particularly set against divorce, but she believed men — that Gift of God — should be responsible for their families. And so she removed a piece of the thick hide of Joaquin in almost every issue over a period of many

months. "Mrs. Miller," she wrote, "is engaged in rearing the deserted children of this literary lion." Joaquin was at the time strolling around London, wearing his hair down over his shoulders and a pair of shiny, patent-leather boots, hip-high.

A weekly paper was not enough to occupy all of Abigail's time. She took to the platform, delivering in San Francisco a rousing speech at the California Woman Suffrage convention. And now, in 1871, came Miss Susan Brownell Anthony, the bell-wether of all women reformers, to tour the sparsely-settled Pacific Northwest. Abigail automatically became Miss Anthony's business manager for the tour. She conducted the meetings with great charm and expert judgment.

Old War Horse Anthony had developed a rather grim attitude and front, which were used by the all-male press to ridicule any female reformer: they were all "man haters" and "disappointed spinsters" and "disturbing harpies." Abigail, apparently, never got that way. She remained gracious, and never failed to see humor in a situation.

And yet Abigail was a born strategist who never lost an opportunity. In 1872 she took the lead in organizing a permanent Oregon Equal Suffrage association, and set about lecturing between issues of her paper. The field, of course, was still against her, not only the men but most of the women. Although she had, as related, no faith in the so-called Temperance move-

ment, she joined the Portland chapter of it in order to be able to speak before its meetings. To stop her, the Dry group formed a choir of women who started to sing whenever Abigail rose to speak on equal rights. At the next meeting, during a brief lull in the proceedings, Abigail stood up and, instead of going at once into her act, said "Let us pray." And pray she did for the next twenty minutes, during which she pleaded with the Lord Almighty that the mothers of the race might be freed from their "servitude without wages."

Because Abigail refused to recognize the alleged value of Temperance, many slanders were started against her. She was accused of drinking beer with men in hotel rooms. It was rumored that she was a secret drinker, virtually a sot. When she found every church in Walla Walla closed to her meetings, she accepted the use of the back room of a saloon, which added to the uproar.

On one occasion, at Jacksonville, Ore., she was the target of eggs. She went back there a week later and had to be protected from the chivalrous males of that lovely town by the sheriff and half a dozen deputies. Nothing could stop her. She kept up her lectures, touring on horseback, by buggy, by river boat, and by primeval steam trains the back reaches of Oregon, and Washington and Idaho territories, with scarcely ever a woman in attendance. She spoke in blacksmith shops, school houses, stores, stables and hotels. And she discovered

that which all reformers discover in time, namely, that the reformees do not want reform. Only a few scattered women ever rallied to help her until the battle was won. Such aid as she got in the early days came from males.

In 1884, after countless lectures and some 570 issues of the *New Northwest*, Abigail was at last able to measure the progress. In that year the Oregon legislature passed a resolution to submit to the people a constitutional amendment giving the vote to women. It was defeated on submission, but it was not to die. Then, a year later, the he-men of Washington, without too much grumbling, gave women the vote. Nine years more and Abigail had taken Idaho into camp: woman suffrage was adopted there in 1896.

Oregon, honeycombed with New England Yankees and Southerners, did not fall into line until 1912 when, following enactment of an equal suffrage law, Abigail drew with her own hand the proclamation signed by Governor Oswald West. It was a magnificent triumph. Happily, Abigail had two years of life left in which to enjoy it. She spent them writing her autobiography, which reveals a

still-active and perceptive mind but in no manner reflects the fire of her earlier journalism.

Mrs. Duniway found time to turn out two novels, the naïvely titled *Captain Gray's Company*; or, *Crossing the Plains and Living in Oregon* (1859); and, in 1905, *From the West to the West*. In 1876 she had published a narrative poem, *David and Anna Matson*.

Abigail Scott Duniway had come into her own. Hailed as Oregon's Grand Old Woman, and the Mother of Suffrage in Oregon, she basked in the glory of her years, but never ceased to be working at something. She loathed the thought of Prohibition and never ceased to write against it. She outlived her eminent brother, Harvey Scott of the *Oregonian*, and probably had as much influence in the Northwest as that hard-hitting editor. Fittingly, a school and a park in Portland have been named for her; and in 1944, there slid down the ways of Oregon Shipyards, a Liberty vessel christened *Abigail Scott Duniway*. This was well enough, but a fighting ship would have been more appropriate for the female who corraled the he-men of the Last Frontier.



WHAT LIBERALISM MEANS TO ME

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

NOTHING has suffered more in the wreckage of the last dozen years than words. It is impossible to tell what a man is talking about when he uses the words democrat, reactionary, conservative, progressive, radical, liberal. Words in political discussion have come to be used as costumes in which political ideas may masquerade. And no word has been subjected to more bizarre uses than the word "liberalism." It has been captured by certain aggressor philosophers, carried off as so much loot and offered for acceptance to a wholly different clientele.

In this country the word got its meaning from its historic rôle in British politics. Its basic postulate is Locke's dictum that all government should rest upon the consent of the people. The government of Great Britain had made large strides in altering its structure to protect certain great human rights. Vast powers were transferred from the King to the Parliament and then from the Lords to the Commons, which remained for long subservient to the Upper House.

But at the opening of the nineteenth century the people of England had very little control over the House of Commons. Only a handful of people enjoyed the right of suffrage. In 1832 a group of dominant Whigs joined with what were called the radicals to put through the Commons a memorable Reform Bill. This was the first of the great succession of struggles to extend the suffrage to greater numbers of people. Lord John Russell, who led the epic battle in the Commons, referred to those who made this fight as the liberals. Thereafter the Whig Party lost its identity in what became the Liberal Party and the historic rôle of that Party for the next 90 years can be defined as a movement to tame the State, to bring that haughty corporate monster under the dominion of the men and women whom it had tyrannized throughout history.

The history of this movement in England and America gave to the word liberalism in the political scene the meaning it has had as a political noun for more than a hundred years. We will do well, therefore, to be very

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clear about this thing — the State — which became the center of the attention of the liberals.

The seventeenth century State possessed absolute power. Those powers were in the hands of a limited number of persons — a monarch or an aristocracy and, in some cases, a very limited number of freeholders. The great liberal revolution aimed (1) to reduce the powers of the State, (2) to progressively increase the number of persons who possessed its sovereign powers, (3) to limit the apparatus of sovereignty entrusted to the government and (4) to so divide that apparatus amongst separate agencies of government that the combined use of them for the purposes of tyranny was impossible.

The end of this movement among us was the disappearance of the State in its older sense. The people became the State. With them alone was deposited the full power of sovereignty. The government became something very much less than the State. It became merely an apparatus set up by the sovereign people to administer such powers of sovereignty as they were willing to commit to the government. In the United States that apparatus of government was so constructed that it was incapable of extended use for tyranny. There were in fact at first 13 and then 48 governments, each possessing merely local and limited powers with even more limited powers granted to a central government, while in each case the powers were distributed amongst leg-

islative, executive and judicial bodies, each expected to guard jealously their respective grants of power and thus act as the guardian of the people's liberties. Liberty — ordered liberty under law — was the great aim of government. Our society became, for the first time in history, a truly free society — as completely free as an organized society of human beings can be. This was the great triumph of political liberalism.

II

Of course the word liberalism has been applied to various movements in literature, philosophy and religion, carrying with it the same connotation of freedom. However, on the Continent around the middle of the nineteenth century it began to have another use. The socialists declared that political freedom was not enough. Man, they said, must be free, not merely from political oppression but from economic serfdom. Of what avail is the vote if the great instruments of production remain in the hands of the capitalist exploiter? True freedom could be attained only by transferring the ownership of the land, the industries and the utilities of society from the private owners to the people. The people would then receive the fruits of their labor and would produce for abundance at low prices rather than for scarcity at profits and high prices. They would be truly free because they would possess not only the instruments of order but the means of the good life. Thus, with economic

abundance and security assured they would be emancipated from those compulsions which they endured at the hands of the private owner. Hence socialism became a crusade for the ultimate freedom. And the socialist labeled himself the true liberal.

Whatever may have been his dream, the impact of this philosophy upon the social condition of those men who would live in such a State must be precisely the opposite. The State indeed would own the land, the forests, the mines — the source of wealth. It would own the factories, the railroads, the power plants, the banks. But it would acquire an immediate control over every man's daily life. The house in which the worker lived, the tools with which he worked would belong to the State. The source of his food, his clothing, his money income would be the State. And that State, in theory the property of the workers, would be actually in the hands of those who administered the government. They would wield whatever power goes with having possession of all the apparatus of the State and, along with this, the whole vast apparatus of production and distribution. No matter what human rights the citizen of such a State might have in theory, they must be unavailing against a political monster that can take away his job, his food, his means of life. Such a State would become at once the worker's ruler, his employer and his landlord. It would have in its hands an economic power infinitely more compulsive than any political

power. And thus it has turned out in Russia.

The old democratic socialists foresaw something like this. The discussion of this possible catastrophe produced most of the splits in the socialist groups as they strove to create a structure that would put the economic wealth and machinery into the hands of the people and yet leave the State weak. The syndicalists in France and Italy, the guild socialists in England and the advocates of the cooperative commonwealth in America believed they could put the economic power of the nation in the hands of the workers without putting it in the hands of the political State through the agency of guilds or syndicates or cooperatives of various types. But the one successful socialist revolution has produced that terrible thing known as the dictatorship of the proletariat which is the utter and final negation of all liberalism.

What I am trying to make clear is that the word liberalism has come to be used as a label for various revolutionary doctrines which on the surface are supposed to expand the freedom of the people but which in fact move in a direction away from the true objectives of liberalism, since they tend to bring back into existence the all-powerful State equipped with functions and compulsions greater than ever.

In our own country — as in Western Europe — this theory has assumed a character which, in its essential dangers, remains obscure to

most people. While rejecting Communism, it asserts the proposition that the State, nevertheless, must assume responsibility for the economic welfare of the population. This is an alluring thesis which recommends itself to the interests and appetites of a wide variety of people. It is promoted with an arsenal of tasty slogans such as "Jobs for All," "Security for All from the Cradle to the Grave," "Full Blast Production" with the underlying promise to make an end "forever" of economic crises.

Upon examination, however, this turns out to be a sort of half-way house between capitalism and Communism — a happy social paradise in which private ownership will continue and flourish but in which the government will assume the responsibility for making it work not only at top speed but in a state of continuous boom. It is, of course, very difficult for a politician to question these gaudy objectives — he cannot afford to be against "jobs for all" or "security for all." The desirability of these cannot be doubted. Those who preach this happy philosophy call themselves the liberals of today in America, while those who question it are denounced as reactionaries.

III

These neo-liberals propose to realize their dream through the State. This State will not, like the Communist State, own the instruments of production and distribution. It will not have that all-pervasive economic power

which goes with State ownership. But it cannot perform this new mission unless it is equipped with vast powers over the everyday affairs of all the citizens — those who own the machines and those who work them. It is to be charged with planning the production programs of the nation. It is to be entrusted with the task of expanding production in this sector or contracting it in that, which cannot of course be done without reaching its busy fingers into a multitude of basic, primary and secondary and terminal industries. It will exercise imperious authority over the flow of materials, deciding where basic materials may or may not go. It will assume ever more control over the great basic functions of transportation, power, credit and communications, which can become, in the hands of a State willing to misuse them, instruments of coercion of terrifying character. It will be responsible for the continuous flow of adequate income which it will do through the use of government credit and currency.

The operation of such a State involves the possession, therefore, of a multitude of intrusive powers. The people, of course, will still retain whatever power remains in the suffrage. But this can become an illusory protection against so powerful a State. For while, in theory, the State holds and wields these great economic controls, in practice they are in the hands of the men who at any given moment have possession of the apparatus of the State. What this means we may

see at this very moment when, under the fiction of an emergency, powers of this character are still used by the government. A common comment in political circles is the apparent timidity of businessmen who shrink from any detectable opposition to the government. There is nothing strange about it. Today the Federal government has a bankroll of \$40 billion to spend. Aside from the great sums laid out in wages directly to Federal employees, the great bulk of this persuasive bankroll is paid out to a number of industries for government work. There are industries in this country which for seven or eight years have seen in the government their biggest customer. There are innumerable industries whose product, directly or indirectly, goes to the extent of 50 per cent into government production. Such enterprises have a vested interest in the present spending policies of the government. Abandonment of those policies would plunge them into critical losses. As a matter of fact, though the man in the street has not fully perceived it yet, our economic system has suffered an almost complete revolution. We have changed from a system which depended for its support and expansion upon private industry to a system which depends for its support and expansion upon the government. At the present time — three years after the war ended — the central government is taking out of the incomes of the people over \$40 billion a year in taxes and spending this great sum on the farms and in the

factories of America and on its own swollen payrolls. It is estimated now that one fourth of the people who are employed are engaged directly or indirectly by the Federal government or indirectly in private enterprises engaged wholly or in part in government work. In discharging its obligations as the economic support of the society the government pours out an endless stream of billions to its own payrolls, to contractors, manufacturers, mines and merchants and transporters, in subsidies and bounties to farmers, and in great projects in numerous localities. Every town or village council, every county commissioner, every board of aldermen, every state legislature and — what is equally grave — every Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce or trade association is a suppliant for some part of these fabulous billions. Can we who know what the meager bankrolls of city machines were able to achieve in the way of voter control be in any doubt as to the terrifying power which this giant central government can exercise with its command over so many applicants for its funds?

IV

Of course this system of the State-planned economy has not been developed here, as it was in Italy and Germany, to its fullest extent. The power inherent in such a State comes not merely from its Treasury but from the necessity which confronts the State of directing the flow of privately produced materials, of establishing pro-

duction goals and production quotas for districts and industries, of cartelizing not only foreign trade but large sectors of internal production and trade, regulating the flow of labor, credit and power as well as of money. The advocates of this system insist that this is the only way in which abundance and security can be produced. I believe it impossible to produce abundance or security under this system save, perhaps, briefly in some grave crisis. But I do not wish to argue this point here. I merely assert that if the champions of this new kind of State are right then the champions of liberalism are wrong. It means that the failure of liberalism must be faced, the order of its great march reversed and we must sink into the arms of a totalitarian State and, in the choice between freedom and abundance, choose abundance. And, of course, since human institutions do not stand still, but either grow or decay, the natural drift of such a State, once launched, must be either to disintegrate and crash or, in the struggle for survival, move forward in the accumulation of powers to the inevitable attainment of full totalitarian dimensions. Whatever this is, I insist it is not liberalism.

Such a State cannot operate this complexity of economic powers without taking on an ever-increasing collection of political powers. Orders imposed upon free men cannot be carried out unless accompanied by adequate enforcement machinery. Our government, built for wholly different pur-

poses, cannot provide these compliance devices unless it takes on vast new powers. Already we have seen an amazing acquisition of powers in defiance of the Constitution. Our archaic notion that the character of our government cannot be changed without constitutional amendment must be recognized as no longer valid. I name but three devices employed by our central government for enlarging its powers upon an almost revolutionary scale:

First, power has been brought to the central government by two fictions. The Interstate Commerce clause of the Constitution, included to define the limits of Federal action, has been almost wiped out as a limitation by a ruling of the Supreme Court which literally asserts that almost every activity — however local in character — is, by reason of modern conditions, touched with the quality of interstate commerce. An elevator boy in a building in a town owned wholly by a citizen of the town is a subject of interstate commerce if in the building where he runs the elevator there is one firm as a tenant which is engaged in interstate commerce.

Second, the government has invented a thing called the government corporation. The President, without consulting Congress, organizes a corporation in any state, in which the government owns the stock, and proceeds to go into any business or activity that seems advisable to him. Mr. David Lilienthal in his *TVA — Democracy on the March*, lays it down

that so many unwieldy powers have already drifted from the states and local authorities to the Washington government that they cannot be effectively administered. They must be returned to the localities but not to the states and cities, he says. They must be given to certain great local regions where they will be administered by great corporations such as TVA. And Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, first TVA chairman, has recently told a Senate Committee that in the TVA headquarters there has been much talk of this spread of TVA powers over its regions as the state and local authorities withered away.

Third, great powers have been usurped by the Federal government and those powers have been slowly subjected to a second usurpation by the President as against Congress. Congress has been persuaded to abandon its ancient guardianship of the purse, to abandon over large sectors of policy the practice of making specific appropriations for specific purposes and to make huge blank-check appropriations to the President — countless billions — to be appropriated specifically as the President sees fit. It has done the same in the field of legislation, contenting itself with stating the most general objectives and then delegating to the President the power to fill in the blank spaces by deciding on the means to be used to carry out the general intentions. Slowly power at the center has been moving into the hands of the executive. And all this has become liter-

ally necessary to enable the government to discharge the enormous obligations it has assumed of providing abundance and security for all forever. The next stage is that baneful idea which has already appeared here — government by the experts, which is another name for government by the élite, which, in every age is merely a name for whatever group is smart or strong enough to take power.

The men who are the moving spirits behind all these plans for the reconstruction of the all-powerful State call themselves the liberals of today. It may be their plans will survive and that this regimented society will produce more goods than the old free America. I do not believe so. But even if its materialistic program succeeds it cannot by any possibility bear any resemblance to the philosophy of liberalism. The liberal branded the powerful centralized political State as the great enemy of man. He fought for hundreds of years to bring it under the dominion of free men. The Communist, the fascist and the planner, who is really a fascist, have reversed all this. They propose to make the State more powerful than ever with its arsenal of economic powers. They call this the new dream of liberalism. I say they have stolen a grand old word and are running amuck with their plundered property.

I recognize the frailties of the free system. Where men are free they are free to make mistakes, to mismanage enterprises, to work or not to work. The reformer who supposes he can in-

crease production by putting it under the direction of bureau chiefs who will not make mistakes is deceiving himself. There is far too large a margin of insecurity amongst us. There is the great problem of crisis. There are many human abuses and many abuses in the laws. I believe these can be corrected in our free system so far as correction is possible in a human society.

But we are not now presented with a choice between a perfect system and an imperfect one. We are presented with a choice between two imperfect systems, because both apply to imperfect human nature. But one of these — the planned economy — has produced before our eyes the most appalling consequences in Europe

whether tried as Communism or as fascism in a dozen countries. The other has produced beyond a doubt the greatest freedom in the world and the greatest abundance, despite all its imperfections and failures. The effort to correct its economic imperfections must not be abandoned. But whatever is done must be done without sacrificing human freedom which we had largely attained. Millions of men have died to enlarge a little the circle of their freedoms. Surely they will not give up a thing they prized higher than life itself in order to improve their material condition. I am willing to fight for both freedom and the good life. But I put freedom first. Without it there can be no good life.

BY NATURES ALIEN

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Parted by natures alien though his blood
ran from old veins to mine, he tried
with formal words betraying truant hope
to bring me close as birth, before he died.

All through the days of boyhood, parted less
by miles than brambled vision, eyes looked out,
asking the questions — age did not reply;
we grew apart in silence and in doubt.

That one last time I went to visit him
he ran with outstretched hands though steps were weak.
My father stumbled, and I carried him
back home, and we were close as love at last —
two close as one, one having no need to speak.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That newspaper people are all hard-headed

A Mrs. H. A. writes to the "Dear Mrs. Mayfield" column of the *Rocky Mountain News* to say that she had a spectral visit from her retriever Paddy, recently shot on a hunting trip, "wagging his tail just the way he used to" but disappearing into thin air as he approached. The columnist, properly pensive at such a communication, answered in Hamletesque mood that "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Indeed there are, and two of them are that letter and its answer.

That the dietary prohibitions of the Old Testament were basically hygienic

One of the major causes of hope for mankind is that, except for theologians defeated in an argument, every man believes himself to be a reasonable being and pays lip service to rationality. Furthermore men like to

be in fashion intellectually as well as sartorially and the fashion of today is scientific.

One consequence of these facts has been a claim of "scientific" accuracy for the Bible by those who continue to esteem it as a guide for conduct but do not wish to be thought irrational for doing so. They tell us that Lazarus was not really dead but simply in a trance, that the "needle's eye" of the parable was a small gate in the city walls through which a camel could just barely squeeze, that the seven days of Creation were seven geologic epochs. And so on.

One of the dearest of their contentions is that the dietary prohibitions of *Leviticus* and *Deuteronomy* were basically hygienic. Moses, they say, was divinely gifted with an awareness of trichinosis and forbade the eating of pork to prevent infection. Tacitus, by the way, who was too rational to even recognize a true religion when he saw one, thought it was leprosy the Jews were afraid of. So the argument is, plainly, a very old one.

The difficulties, however, in the

way of accepting Moses as such a well-informed man are almost insurmountable. If he were prescient of trichinosis and tularemia why did he seem unaware of bovine tuberculosis and other diseases borne by animals and communicable to man? If he were centuries ahead of his time in zoology, by what lamentable lapse did he think that grasshoppers had four legs and hares chewed the cud?

Part of the prevailing error is due to the assumption that "clean" and "unclean" mean "wholesome" and "unwholesome" or "antiseptic" and "septic," whereas any close reading of the Pentateuch makes it quite clear that these meanings cannot pertain. Thus in the thirteenth chapter of *Leviticus* the priests are instructed to declare any man with sores and scabs on his body unclean and to quarantine him for a week. That seems like a sensible public health measure and if the reader, overcome with awe at the wisdom of antiquity, were to stop reading there, he might well believe that sanitation had long been understood. But if he reads on he will be disturbed to learn that if a man's skin is *completely* leprous, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, then he is *clean* and is not to be quarantined. Furthermore he will learn that garments can be leprous and so can houses and that the same strange injunction holds if they are *completely* so.

And if he reads further in the Bible, with a good commentary to guide him (and this is an excellent

practice, strongly recommended to all who "believe" in it), he will come across even stranger things. He will find, for example, that the Hebrews named their children after these "unclean" animals, and that the heads of families worshipped them in the very Temple of Jehovah and that they "hallowed themselves" by secretly eating them in sacred groves at certain times. All of which, surely, constitutes a very strange obeisance to trichinosis and suggests, rather, what most anthropologists and enlightened biblical scholars now believe — that "unclean" means "holy," that these animals were sacred, probably ancient totems. It was an "abomination" to eat them just as it would be an "abomination" to the pious today to make a sandwich out of the Host.

*That you are not bound to pay
for goods sent to you without
your permission*

At the present moment nothing could be more abstract than a consideration of this question. But there are indications that we shall again see some firms using desperate methods to unload unwanted goods on unwilling purchasers. And when we do we shall again hear it said that the recipient is under no obligation to pay for what he never ordered.

If he uses the goods sent to him however, whether he ordered them or not, he can be compelled to pay for them. The courts have ruled that use constitutes an acceptance of the

sender's offer of sale. If they are not used, however, the recipient is under no obligation to pay for them or to return them.

That Negroes are just naturally happy

As expected, Mrs. Alfred Wesley Ingalls defended herself against the charge of keeping her maid, Dora Jones, in slavery for 30 years by stating that Dora always seemed so happy that it seemed a shame to force her to take any time off or to burden her with wages.

That Negroes are "naturally" happy is an illusion dear to most whites. While ol' massa is sweating over his income tax return he can hear the banjos ringin' by the cabin doors as the Negroes rejoice that they have plenty of nothin' and nothin's plenty for them.

If the Negro is happy the cause for his happiness is obscure. According to the U. S. Public Health Service the life expectancy of Negroes is nine years less than that of whites. Their death rate is one-third higher and their infant death rate almost two-thirds higher. They have more diseases and fewer doctors and grossly inadequate hospital facilities. They have a higher proportion of marriageable women over marriageable men than even the whites have. They pay exorbitant rates for crowded and squalid living space. They are denied equal educational opportunities and equal opportunities to work. They

are intimidated and discriminated against every hour of their lives. Not many could afford to rent a banjo!

Let doubters read Allison Davis' and John Dollard's *Children of Bondage* (1940). They will find there a few case histories of Negro "happiness," the more telling for their temperate presentation.

That wolves customarily travel in packs

As many as thirty wolves have been seen in one place at one time by trained observers (see *Ecology*, Vol. 19, January 1938, pp. 168-70), but these associations are temporary and fortuitous. And even such numbers are very rare. The wolf is essentially a solitary animal, as Buffon remarked two hundred years ago, "and does not associate even with those of his own species." Many groups of from four to eight have been observed, but they are believed to be parents and cubs still associating as a family.

The pack of fiction, composed of hundreds, treading in each others' tracks to conceal their numbers, sending out vanguards and protecting their rear, hunting with planned ambushes under the despotic rule of a particularly large and sagacious member, and pursuing sleighs through the Russian forests — all this, despite the testimony of Browning, Paderewski and many others, is dismissed as a "myth" by Young and Goldman in their compendious and authoritative *The Wolves of North America*.

MEMOIRS OF A SOVIET AUTHOR

BY DMITRI BULIGIN

WHEN I left Soviet Russia a few years ago, my textbooks were still being used in institutions of higher learning there. My last book was written shortly before the outbreak of World War II. As the book concerned engineering, in which I was a specialist with more than twenty years' experience as a professor and instructor, and as a consultant on government projects, one might think that writing it would have been a simple matter.

The project actually proved to be fantastically complicated. I have spoken to professors in the United States, and have been struck by their difficulty in understanding what a Soviet author is up against. The only way to give them an insight into the problem is to draw a parallel. Suppose that the University of Wisconsin, for instance, had to ask the Department of Agriculture at Washington for permission to prepare a new textbook on wheat farming. Suppose also that the Democratic (or Republican) National Committee then had to approve the project, and the FBI had to be consulted on the qualifications of the author.

These preliminary difficulties, which seem so fantastic to my American friends, would be routine if this country were governed by Soviet methods.

The idea for my last book was decidedly not mine. The idea originated in the Leningrad Institute of Technology, which forwarded to the Ministry of Heavy Industry at Moscow a request for an up-to-date textbook on mechanical engineering. After the Ministry had confirmed the need for such a book, there was an intensive search for a specialist to write it; and I was finally selected. My selection entailed less red tape than usual because I was already well known to the Ministry: I had frequently acted as a consultant on its industrial projects. My selection was concurred in by the MVD and the Communist Party, both of which had their own people in the Ministry. They were in positions to pass discreetly on issues and individuals without involving their outside organizations. This setup was recognized, and was even welcomed, because it reduced the danger of future political complications.

DMITRI BULIGIN is the pseudonym of a Russian professor who was captured by the Germans during the war, and was later liberated by American troops. In the past year he has contributed two other articles on the problems of Soviet intellectuals to the *MERCURY*.

I was asked to provide a chapter-by-chapter summary of the book. Soon afterwards, I was "invited" to the "Big House" at Leningrad — MVD Headquarters. I had been summoned there before at times when the secret police wanted a professional man's judgment in engineering cases. This time the MVD man began by saying that he wanted my opinion on a blueprint in a suspected sabotage affair. This proved to be a trivial matter, quickly explained.

Then he inquired, "What's new with you at the Institute?" When I said "I'm being asked to write a book," he quickly replied, "Yes, we know all about that," and immediately began to discuss it, in a manner showing that this was his real purpose in calling me. Much the same thing happened in my Institute, at about the same time, when the Secretary of the Communist Party Committee "invited" me to his office, ostensibly to talk about the progress of a couple of student Party members. He, too, soon got down to the real reason he had called me by remarking, "I hear you are being asked to get out a book."

Both interviews covered ground that was familiar to me. They referred, in a taken-for-granted manner, to "the enemies of the Soviet Union." Now, just as when I had written my first book more than ten years previously, it was made plain that writers had to bring into their work at least the implication that the Soviet Union was in a state of clandes-

tine "defensive war." Although my work was technical, it was felt that students should read this "between the lines." They had to be indoctrinated with the idea that a friendly individual or country must be at least pro-Communist, while a non-Communist is as much an enemy as an anti-Communist. My interviews with the secret police and the Party covered these matters in a conversational, rather philosophical manner, but it was made clear that these views somehow had to be expressed in my book. The secret police particularly stressed that "nothing, of course, can be told specifically about the location, construction or output of any industrial plant. That is military information."

II

Only after this routine had been satisfactorily completed did the Ministry's Educational Department formally approve the book project, and pass it along to its Publishing Department, which had to figure out what it would cost the government, and negotiate a contract with me. This procedure is followed with every writer in the Soviet Union, no matter whether he presents an idea for a book himself, or the completed manuscript, or as in my case, is approached by the government. I was offered the usual contract, providing for payment by space — *i.e.*, I was paid so many rubles for each folio of exactly 40,000 type units, counting each letter, punctuation mark and space between words.

I had to provide the sketches —

most of which I drew myself — at the same space rates. I was to be paid 20 per cent of my fee on signing, 30 per cent when I completed the manuscript, and the remainder when the book appeared. But if I were late in handing in the manuscript, or in revising it according to censorship demands, or even in proofreading the book, I was liable to a penalty of not less than 10 per cent.

I had thought the contract covered everything, but when I believed I had finished the book, I was asked to compile an index. "The contract didn't say I was to do the index," I protested, pointing out that this was a specialized job, consuming a vast amount of time and eye-strain. But I had to do it anyway. Payment for this work was the same — so much for each 40,000 type units.

I knew I would incur a number of outside expenses, but looked forward to making at least enough to buy myself a new suit. When the book appeared, however, it had cost me as much as I had earned from it. I remember dividing the number of hours I had spent on it by the amount I had received. It came out to the price of half a kilo (about a pound) of bread at ration-card prices — much less than the black market price — for each full hour of my work. There was no prospect of making any extra money from the book by any increased distribution or sale, unless a new edition required revisions in the old. Then I would be paid only for the additional work.

I saw the estimate drawn up for my book. It included everything from a fee for technical censors — altogether 10 per cent as much as I was to get — to the cost of typesetting, paper, binding, and even the expense of distributing the finished copies. The bank that was to do the paying had to be given a copy of this estimate, which made it impossible for me to be reimbursed for unforeseen expenses. However, when an item cost less than had been estimated, the bank paid less. This was a new system, set up a few years before the war, and applied to all Soviet enterprise, from the staging of plays to the building of steel plants.

As a consequence, efforts to save on any individual item were totally discouraged, no matter whether it concerned my book, or the construction of an oil tank. When I had written books before, money saved on one item in the estimate could be applied to pay for some unexpected expense in another item, but the much-publicized "Communist Party vigilance" had caught up with this. Now, you had to appeal directly to the Ministry for permission to increase any item in the estimate, and a transfer of funds had to be officially ordered — a procedure requiring that countless forms be filled out and officially stamped, and likely to drag on for months. And as every official form that you do fill out comes under the eyes of secret police and Party agents, you face the danger of having some innocent detail misconstrued, forcing you to prove yourself not guilty of some wholly

irrelevant crime. This danger is particularly acute when the MVD is seeking specialists for forced labor projects. At various times I have been pressed by the secret police to give adverse verdicts on other men's engineering jobs. The police wanted an official excuse for "recruiting" these men as slave laborers. So, naturally, I never heard of any private individual going through the involved procedure necessary to obtain revision in any item on an estimate — and I certainly never tried it myself.

III

The actual writing of the book took much less time than the red tape involved. There was the simple matter of a typewriter. I was unable to obtain the use of any, although it would have saved me invaluable time and money. Few writers in the Soviet Union own typewriters. You have to obtain a permit to buy one, and you have to prove that you have steady need of it; even so, you rarely get it. Scarcity is only part of the reason. The main difficulty is that a typewriter can be used to write illegal propaganda. The police have to know at all times where each typewriter is located, so that periodic checks can be made on its use. I remember an October Anniversary in my Institute, when all typewriters were ordered piled into one locked room until after the holiday, thus preventing their use for any hasty typing of leaflets against the Party or government.

So I wrote by hand, and when I had

completed a couple of chapters I hired a typist to make a few copies. I gave the work to some of the typists in my Institute, who first had to get permission from their department heads to earn a few extra rubles in that manner. This became quite a complicated affair. In the first place, where were they to get the extra sheets of paper? A clause in my contract stipulated just how much paper I could obtain to do my manuscript. The amount was about equal to the number of pages the book would contain, and enough for a couple of extra copies. Because of the numerous revisions required, however — most of them due to the various censorship offices — this problem of buying paper, and paying for the typing, took a sizable chunk out of my earnings.

Fortunately, I was friendly with some of the girls employed in the Institute, and was in the habit of joking with them once in a while. One gave me twenty sheets of paper, another perhaps fifty sheets. I bought cigarettes or candy for them in return — which cost much more than the copy paper. I did much of my writing in school copy books. In my Institute, students could buy a limited number of such copy books but not the faculty members. However, I gave a girl clerk some cigarettes I could barely afford, and she let me buy a copy book when nobody was looking. I put it in my briefcase, feeling vaguely like a gigolo or black market operator. The least that could have happened to the

girl at the counter if she had been seen and reported would have been the loss of her work permit.

Censors took up most of my time, however. They had to be dealt with in this order: political, military, technical and literary censors. Novels which don't mention technical or military matters can omit those two censorship. But there always has to be a literary censor, even if it is only a formality in the case of established creative writers, and — this is absolutely mandatory and unquestioned — a political censor. The censor's job in Soviet Russia is not merely to blue-pencil; that is the smallest part of his task. His editorial functions are the largest. The distinct line drawn elsewhere between the rôles of censor and editor is regarded as wholly unrealistic in the Soviet Union.

Each censor operates independently, a little dictator in his own field. The literary censor pays no heed to subject matter, the technical censor cares nothing about the style of writing, and the political and military censors care for nothing except political and military matters respectively. Each writes a separate report, listing the changes he wants according to page and line.

IV

The political censors instructed me to make some slight revisions throughout the manuscript, adding a few words here and there to bring in the decisions of the Eighteenth Communist Party Congress. They sug-

gested that I quote Molotov, who had been the main speaker, on the need to improve heavy industry "in the face of fascist encirclement," and on the duty of Soviet citizens to prepare "for defense" in every field, from agriculture to sculpture. I was asked to put more emphasis on the Party line and government policy in my references to the latest industrial plan, so as to give "sufficient recognition" to official policy even in such technical matters as mechanical engineering. I had to rewrite certain paragraphs several times, until I had the desired connotation. My reference to "government and Party" in one paragraph was changed to "Party and government," and I was warned that in no detail, no matter how slight, could I put the Soviet government ahead of the Communist Party.

The political censors also instructed me to eliminate several of my sketches and illustrations, "to prevent industrial information from reaching foreign countries." I knew there was nothing in those sketches not already known abroad, but I had to eliminate them anyway. Actually I had copied one sketch from a British magazine. I brought the original to the censor, who shrugged his shoulders, saying, "I won't have that on me when I am criticized for not cutting it out." When I tried to persuade him, he spoke more frankly. "You must understand my situation," he declared. "I am employed to see that nothing of this sort, which can help our foreign enemies, appears. Some of-

ficial might notice this illustration and protest through channels without bothering to check up. Then where would I be? I'd be out of a job, and with no prospects of any, and I'd never know why. No, you must not ask me to take that chance."

One of the political censors had been my student, and with him I was able to discuss my book more freely than would otherwise have been possible. One day even he complained to me: "You make me responsible. You should know that it would be safer for you, and safer for me, too, if we just eliminated this." Sometimes he would say, "I can't be definitely sure that I'm correct; I'm not completely clear on that point. No, there's no alternative; we'll have to cross it all out." There was no pretense that this was a matter of principle, or of right or wrong. It was simply a question of the Party line, and the severe penalties that fell on those who by design or chance ran counter to it.

Sometimes, when I pressed a point, a political censor would say, "I'll talk this over with my colleagues. That will give you the possibility of keeping it in, and give me a chance to check up on it." In every such case, the material was blue-pencilled afterwards, and I never knew whether he had actually conferred on it, or was resorting to the customary delaying tactic employed by Soviet government officials generally, from Gromyko at Lake Success to the least consequential bureaucrat in Moscow.

"I must discuss this with my colleagues; I am not prepared to answer just now," is the traditional reply made when all other excuses have been used. Considering the similarity in the basic training given to all Soviet political functionaries, this uniformity is not surprising.

When I would try to discuss some political point, I was quickly cut off, even by my ex-student. "You are responsible for your job, and I for mine," he would tell me. "We know what students are supposed to know. If I feel that something you have written can be misunderstood politically, it is better we don't discuss it."

Thus, the job of the political censor is to see to it that each book "properly stresses" Party and government policy in connection with whatever subject — literary or technical — is dealt with by any writer. This inclusion of a political line into everything that is written gives Soviet writing that artificial quality of sameness which I hear complained about so much abroad, except where it is exercised by some such master of propaganda techniques as Ilya Ehrenburg.

The political censor not only has to guard against the Party line being violated, he has to see to it that it is actually affirmed. He has to watch for evasion as avidly as he does for opposition, and he must be able to detect not only the political heresies which a writer may deliberately slip into his copy, but those which he commits unwittingly. In such cases, which

are the most numerous, the writer has to be saved from himself. Changes in the Party line are never admitted when they occur: it is always explained that the change is only apparent. It requires dialectics of the most intricate sort to "prove" that there has been no change in line, while at the same time leaving no doubt with authors as to the new political instructions. On dubious points, the political censor often would urge me to "use a quotation." This is a favorite device with censors, as the safest expedient, particularly when the quotation is from the writings of Stalin, Molotov or Lenin — in that order.

With such demands, requiring the most thorough background in Party dogma and history, political censorship is naturally a lifetime profession. While he must be a trusted Party member, a political censor can have no Party line himself — only a career man's unvarying faithfulness to official directives. He belongs to a bureau called Glavlit, which is part of the same Ministry of the Interior that operates the secret police. Glavlit has branches in every fair-sized town in the whole country, and its numbered imprint can be found on everything printed or mimeographed in the Soviet Union, including receipt forms, checkbooks, stationery headings and the lyrics on music sheets. Obviously, there have to be thousands of political censors, and so they have their own schools, also run by the Ministry of the Interior.

V

The military censor usually used the same manuscript as the political censor, which saved me one typing job. The military censor is usually an officer transferred to such duties temporarily. One of my sketches showed, in rough silhouette, a river, with several industrial plants indicated by squares. "Does this correspond to their actual locations?" the military censor asked me. When I said yes, he ordered the sketch eliminated. "But all identifying details, such as railways and bridges, have been omitted," I protested. "All right," the censor replied, "if you change the location of the plants slightly, give an inaccurate scale of miles, and make the north arrow point wrong, you can keep it in." I knew that statistics and illustrations were often similarly adapted for reasons of expediency, and realized that it would have been useless for me to argue.

In another chapter, I gave a simple comparative table of wind pressures, as part of a lesson on engineering design. This table was needed to show the effect of what is called wind load and wind suction on engineering construction. The censor ordered the table dropped. "It would help an enemy flier figure out the velocity of the wind over a target area," he insisted.

It must be remembered, too, that the military censor does not recognize any difference between peacetime and

wartime censorship. He censors exactly as if all time was wartime.

Next came the censor I was frankly most worried about — the technical censor. I felt that here, at least, on technical matters in my own engineering specialty, I should be permitted to have my say. I had been called on myself several times to be a technical censor in my own or allied fields. The main requirement is a thorough knowledge of one's own profession, so that you can be sure there is nothing technically wrong in the writing, and that the material is not inadequate or outdated. This is the work of an editor elsewhere, but in Soviet Russia the form and procedure are those of a censorship office. A single technical censor is never trusted. A book is always referred to two, and sometimes even three of these censors, for cross-checking purposes. They are not allowed to work together, and are not even supposed to know each other. My last book was read by a technical censor in Kiev and another in Leningrad.

In some cases, I felt that one of these censors did not know a particular matter well enough, and was mistaken. In such instances, I rewrote the copy, restoring the original facts but not the phrasing, and then sent it to him. I would suggest that there had been a "misunderstanding" and ask for his permission to make the change, being careful not to seem to challenge his authority. I could tell who he was, because he had to sign each page of the manuscript. Usually

he agreed. When he didn't, on a matter on which I felt very strongly, I appealed to the Ministry, which then usually referred it to a third censor. But the cost to me was high in typists and lost time, and like writers generally, I tried to make whatever revisions were suggested, so as to get the job done in the required time.

The literary censor, after all this, was a distinct relief. His task is to make sure that the Russian language is given the proper respect — and form. I was pleased to have his aid. My only concern was when, in his enthusiasm to improve the beauty or sweep of my language, he would sacrifice some essential point, or take poetic license with an engineering detail. Then I felt it necessary to correspond with his office, tactfully offering a different wording, agreeing that what he had suggested sounded better, but that it no longer conveyed the technical meaning. He was always agreeable to compromise when his literary tastes conflicted with my engineering techniques, but not otherwise.

These literary censors are employed by the Editorial Departments of the various Ministries. They are usually career men, graduates of the Government Institute of Journalism at Moscow, who are recruited from the ranks of journalists and other writers, particularly those who have not made much headway in their own profession. The Institute of Journalism is operated by the Communist Party's Department of Agitation and Propaganda — which lays down the

law for political censors through its own publications and *Pravda*. It includes censorship among the courses. A Soviet writer is thus trained to consider censorship as a normal part of the writing procedure.

Finally, all the various censors were through with my book, and I gave the manuscript to the typist to do all over again. Then, with every correction, revision, deletion and addition as made by each of the censors duly incorporated, I sent the revised manuscript to the Publishing Department of the Ministry, together with the originals, and all notes and corrections, for a complete checking up. Only after this could the book go to the government print shop. Now, however, I was no longer permitted to see my manuscript, to prevent me from tampering with my work in any way, by so much as inserting or removing a comma.

I had to keep one copy, however, for that final onerous task required of all authors — proof reading. The proofs never came in sequence, but in the order in which the printers set them. But I had to correct and return them as they came, within a day or two at most, even if this kept me up all night. I had to go through this procedure three times. The first time I got the rough galley proofs, then the page proofs, and finally the folios, with all the sketches and illustrations in place. At this point a new

problem arose — the draftsman who had copied my sketches in ink had missed lines and notes and had misspelled words. He had to do several sketches entirely over.

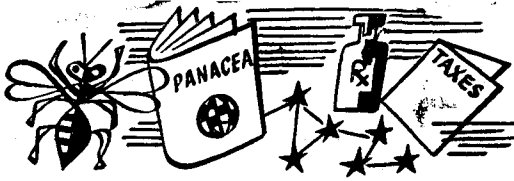
At last the book was ready for the presses. But there was still another delay. The whole book now had to go back to the political censor for a final check-up, and he had to send each page directly to the pressroom himself.

And finally, after all of this, there remained some uncorrected errors. The page forms had been stereotyped by this time, and the type melted down. All that I could do was to write an “erratum,” which was printed on a little slip of paper, and pasted as a flyleaf inside the cover.

And even so, I could not be sure that my censorship worries were over. A colleague of mine had written a book mentioning James Watt as the inventor of the steam engine. His book was already bound when an order came from Moscow reading: “Polsunoff, a Russian mechanic, is the actual inventor. James Watt came later. Issue of book must be delayed until corrected accordingly.” A new page had to be written, set up, stereotyped and printed. In thousands of copies, a page had to be cut out of each book by hand, and the corrected page laboriously pasted in.

I had no such bad luck. My job was done — even though I did not have a new suit to show for it.

THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. A man, apparently in his sixties, brought a 700-page manuscript recently, which he refused to leave with the editorial secretary. He insisted that he present it himself to one of the editors. She pleaded that all the editors were busy getting the next issue to press, and she promised that his script would be carefully handled. He said the script was of extraordinary importance. An editor finally saw him. The editor said the script was obviously too long for us. To this the man said, "You can print it in installments. You have here the one sure remedy for the high divorce rate in the country. I shall give you the nub of the entire manuscript. Polygamy would be made mandatory for all superior men, and polyandry for superior women. All the real people would thus be happy, and there wouldn't be any point in divorces. We needn't bother about the inferior people. There is little divorce among them anyway." The editor politely expressed some doubts about this original proposal, and said

we clearly would not be interested. The man stood up, snapped, "The world will yet come around to my ideas," and walked out. . . . About the same time a woman called on the long-distance telephone from Chicago and inquired whether we buy "controversial articles. I have an article proving that many of the men, and women, too, in Congress are not fit to be there. It's a real exposé." She talked on in this vein for about ten minutes. The editor barely had a chance to say a word. She promised to send her exposé within a week. Apparently she is still working on it. . . . Confidentially, our average payment for an article is somewhat lower than the average made by the mass circulation magazines. But sometimes — less often than we would like — it is most profitable financially to write for the *MERCURY*. About eight months ago an editor suggested to a reliable veteran author that he try his hand at a profile of an eminent figure in American history, the anniversary of whose birth was in the offing. The author replied that he wasn't interested. Two, three weeks passed, and again

the editor urged the author to try the article. For a second time the author refused. Not long after the editor made a third plea. This time the author agreed, chiefly to please the editor. As soon as the article appeared one Canadian newspaper and a British magazine wired for permission to reprint it at handsome fees, which went in their entirety — in accordance with MERCURY practice — to the author. Then a mass-circulation American magazine asked for permission to reprint the article in somewhat abbreviated form. The payment made was about four times the original payment. But this is not all. On the strength of the very same article, the author was asked, by still another mass magazine, to do an article on a man who was closely related to the subject of the original profile in the MERCURY. From this last publication alone the author earned a fee ten times the original one. . . . Alas, not many of our authors have had similar experiences, and we warn all writers in the United States and in foreign lands, including the Scandinavian countries, not to get too hopeful. In this world, whom fortune favors is always a mystery; whom it favors among writers is a mystery compounded in a whirling enigma encased in an impenetrable conundrum, to maul a phrase by a former British Prime Minister, happily still with us.

We have been somewhat surprised that we have got no offers from resi-

dents of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the State of California to do profiles of them for our state series. These two members of the great sisterhood of states that make up the Federal Union surely have nothing to hide or to be overly uneasy about in their past or present. Indeed, all surveys made of the comparative standing of the states, including the one made by this magazine seventeen years ago — “The Worst American State,” September, October and November, 1931 — show Massachusetts and California right at the top under nearly every heading. We trust it will not be necessary to make public comment upon this matter again.

We have long wanted to print a fair, documented analysis of the National Association of Manufacturers, but have had difficulty in getting the right article. Some of the manuscripts submitted have been undocumented condemnations, while others read like products of the publicity department of the NAM. We want an article that will appeal to men and women who prefer facts to adjectives.

In an early number we shall print a spirited exchange of views between James Stevens, who is pretty much the father of the Paul Bunyan saga as it is now known in the United States, and Dr. Richard M. Dorson, a distinguished authority on American folklore, who has grave doubts about a

good deal of what passes for folklore in the country today. The exchange of views deals with fundamental problems of American writing and history.

RADIO COMMENTATORS

Would it be an imposition to ask the radio stations to measure the IQs of their commentators and to tell the audience each time a commentator goes on the air just what his IQ is? Thus: "It is now 8:15, and we now present your favorite commentator Frank L. Zowie, whose IQ has been a consistent 76 for the past ten years. Mr. Zowie."

GRACE O. POTTER

Chicago, Ill.

PLEA FOR ANONYMITY

Probably not many Americans have noticed it, but it is becoming virtually impossible to "lose oneself" in this country. A man who wants to be anonymous no longer has the opportunity you had 50 years ago. If the government, or some prying person, should want to track you down, it wouldn't be hard.

In the first place, your fingerprints are probably on file with the FBI, which now has prints of more than 100 million Americans, most of them non-criminals. In the second place there are dozens of public and private institutions that require a vast amount of personal data before supplying you

with services that are in many cases indispensable. This includes the gas and electric company, the phone company, your employers (past and present), the draft and social security boards, the income tax people, etc. In the third place, anyone who has been in the Army, worked for a big corporation or even gone to a halfway decent school has had to take elaborate intelligence and psychiatric tests, which are still on file for anyone who might be interested in their results.

What all this means is that the man who wants to take to the woods, to flee civilization completely, no longer has a chance.

ANONYMOUS

Bound Brook, N. J.

SPORTS PAGES

Has anybody ever taken the trouble to investigate how many people read the sports pages? I'm annoyed by the vast amount of space that even such papers as the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* devote to boxing, baseball, hockey, swimming, tennis and the rest of this stuff. I have a hunch the editors of these papers are kidding themselves when they think that their readers want all this reporting and philosophizing about the heroes of the diamond, the ring, the gridiron, etc. I believe that a mere summary — with perhaps a little detailed information for the few who care — would be sufficient.

GEORGE I. BAXTER

Bronxville, N. Y.

Blood—a barometer of Health!

Q. How do blood tests help  guard your health?

A. These tests help to reveal the condition of your blood so that your physician can detect “hidden” diseases that are often difficult to diagnose in their early stages. Many doctors use blood tests as a regular part of periodic physical examinations. So if your doctor suggests a blood test, don’t worry. He is using, for your benefit, one of the valuable procedures of medical science.

Q. What does a blood count  tell your doctor?

A. Checking the number, size, shape, and condition of your blood cells is called a blood count. The number of red cells and the amount of hemoglobin in them is one of the indices which help reveal your general physical condition. A count of white cells may be of value in diagnosing certain diseases. It is sometimes combined with the sedimentation test, which establishes the time taken by blood cells to settle.

The American Red Cross has prepared a helpful booklet on the blood and its relationship to good health, entitled “The Story of Blood.” Through the courtesy of the Red Cross, the Metropolitan is able to send you a free copy on request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of the booklet, 88-L,
entitled “The Story of Blood.”

Name

Street

City State

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE



Q. What will chemical analysis of the blood show?

A. Your blood is composed chiefly of water, salt, sugar, fat, and proteins. Chemical analysis of the blood is used to determine whether or not these and other components are present in normal amounts. This is important in aiding diagnosis. For example, excessive sugar, salts or waste products in the blood indicate conditions requiring medical treatment.

What should you know about the blood?

The blood serves as a transportation system within the body, bringing oxygen, food, and other materials to the body cells and carrying away waste products. The white blood cells and substances called antibodies help to keep the body healthy by fighting infection. When certain antibodies are found in blood serum, they help

in diagnosing a number of diseases.

Research has discovered ways to extract many valuable medical agents from the blood. Among the most important are: *Gamma globulin* which provides immunization against measles; *fibrinogen* and *thrombin* which are used to control bleeding and to make surgical "sponges" which may safely be left in a wound while it heals; and *albumin* which has proved effective in treating certain diseases.

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NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

BY WILLIAM HINES AND EDWARD COTTRELL

IF COLGATE WHITEHEAD DARDEN, JR., A.B., M.A., LL. B., the President of the University of Virginia, had come to Charlottesville in 1947 expecting to run the show by himself the chances are that his successor would be well broken in by now. But Mr. Darden, a smart main-bearing in the Harry F. Byrd machine, knows his University tradition as well as he knows his Commonwealth politics. Thus his knowledge that you can disregard Thomas Jefferson in Charlottesville about as successfully as you can fight Frank Hague in Jersey City stood him in good stead. Darden joined hands with the shade of Mr. Jefferson at the start of his tenure as President and together the two are leading the University to new heights in the scholastic world. A third high-powered figure, Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, 'oo, is concurrently teamed with the spirit of Founder Jefferson to raise \$28 million for a University development fund.

Not that the University of Virginia, at first glance, seems to need much

development. It is Olympian in its supremacy in Dixie in the field of law, high among the medical schools south of the Potomac, tops in the area in general scholastic rank and on its way up nationally in such crucial fields as Engineering, Science and Football.

Whoever may be President and whoever may be Rector — Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., is the latter incumbent — there is only one Founder, and the story of the University is the story of a man dead a century and a quarter yet as vibrantly alive as the 51-year-old former Virginia governor who helps him run the place.

Mr. Jefferson — there is always a certain formality at Charlottesville in invoking the beneficent ghost — left his University a precept which, while less terse than the “VERITAS” of Harvard, is more explicit:

This institution will be based on the illimitable freedom of the human mind. For here we are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate error as long as reason is left free to combat it.

WILLIAM HINES has been a reporter and editorial writer for a variety of newspapers all over the country. He is now a copy editor in the Army's Public Information Division. **EDWARD COTTRELL** is now working as a specialist in the Press Section of the Defense Department's Information Division. They collaborated in writing “The Army and Navy Journal,” which appeared in the *MERCURY* last February. This is the first in a series on American colleges.

So thoroughly imbued with this precept are staff, faculty and students that if Mr. Jefferson's tangible handiwork, the indescribably lovely Lawn, were to disappear tomorrow in a cloud of atomic dust, the University would inevitably rise again, still spreading the greater glory of Tom Jefferson's God of Truth. The physical plant might differ from today's — though the thought is so startling to esthetes as to be repugnant — but the realities of Virginia would not change.

The University's verities are as many-sided as the old man who built at Charlottesville the framework of a century's tradition. Hand in hand with Jeffersonian skepticism is a spirit which calls men like Kinsolving and Tucker to the Altar of God. The University makes lawyers — like Woodrow Wilson and Stanley Reed; editors — like Virginius Dabney of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* and Reuben Maury of the *New York Daily News*; soldiers of war like Vandergrift and soldiers of peace like Walter Reed; young liberals like Frank Roosevelt, Jr. and young conservatives like Fulton Lewis, Jr.; high-octane businessmen like Robert R. Young and high-octane explorers like Richard E. Byrd.

What is done at Charlottesville by the University administration and at Richmond by remote control in the legislature is dictated in large measure by "what Mr. Jefferson would have done." And what is done by the student body is influenced by Mr.

Jefferson, the Honor System and the Mason Jar.

Mr. Jefferson believed firmly that the least government was the best government. He also believed — popular legend to the contrary — that democracy was hokum and that the hope of the land lay in an agricultural economy presided over by aristocrats of the mind. He was himself a man of probity — Jefferson scholars point to the fact that their hero died broke rather than advantage himself in real estate deals to which he was privy while Washington made his millions speculating in land — and put honor above all else. He believed further that "where wine is cheap, there is little drunkenness."

II

It is unfortunate but true that all of Jefferson's precepts could not be held inviolate through the years. When young blades began shooting college professors (this was a century ago), discipline had to be imposed, though to a limited extent. His plan to select "the best geniuses" of the day for attendance at Charlottesville was not always feasible, but the University has compensated by making a diploma relatively hard to get and steering clear of the commercialized shoals of the honorary degree. Wine — or its latter day equivalents, corn whiskey and commercial blends — is cheap at Virginia, but drunkenness is far from unknown.

But one Jeffersonian ideal, that of honor, has remained unsullied. About

a hundred years ago an Honor System was instituted which today, more than anything at the University save Jefferson himself, rules the daily activities of the overcrowded student body of 5000.

Here, in a nutshell, is the Honor System:

It is considered a breach of honor to cheat, either in schoolwork or in any other relations with students or the University, to lie, to steal or in some cases to wilfully cash bad checks. It is argued by many that it is unbecoming a gentleman to get drunk and to be guilty of flagrant immorality in other lines but it must be noted at once that such conduct may be shocking and reprehensible in the extreme but it is not dishonorable. Other things such as breach of University discipline and failure to pay debts are to be deplored and should be discouraged but they can never be put under the jurisdiction of the Honor System because they are not themselves dishonorable. The Honor System deals with dishonest conduct alone and if anything is put under its protection which is not dishonorable or if things not inherently dishonorable are tried to be made so by legislation it will invariably result in the breaking down of the whole fabric of the System and robbing it of its power even over true breaches of honor.

Eschewing stool pigeons or a student Gestapo, the System relies on the feeling among students that a breach of honor is a personal insult. A student, observing another in the act of cheating, can — and does — demand that the offender explain his actions or resign from the University. The observer does not “turn in” the cheater. If the confronted student feels he has been unjustly accused, he may appeal to the Honor Committee,

a student group composed of the presidents of the five University departments and the vice-president of the department in which the suspect is enrolled. If, after hearing the evidence, the Honor Committee feels the System has been violated, the University Registrar is notified and the offender quits school forthwith. There is no tone of gray between black and white in a matter of honor. Either the accused is guilty and leaves school, or he is innocent and his record is unblemished.

Although the University officials do not meddle in the Honor System, they frequently bring disciplinary offenders under the provisions of the code as good conduct insurance. A campus drunk will be required to sign a drinking pledge which, if violated, besmirches his honor. University athletics are not a constant arena of conflict between players and coach on the subject of training, because an athlete signs a “training pledge” and thereafter is on his own.

It was Honor System indoctrination which caused the Cavaliers, in 1935, to withdraw from the Southern Football Conference. In that year a rule was adopted requiring each player to stipulate that he was not subsidized. Virginia, though comparatively tight-fisted with football scholarships, did nevertheless grant aid to athletes, though with the proviso that they attend classes and keep up in their grades. The University was faced by a dilemma: it did not wish to discontinue paying footballers,

but on the other hand it would not require its athletes to sign false statements. The only solution was withdrawal from a Conference which still subscribes to the no-subsidy rule and produces such teams as Duke and North Carolina.

III

"Never make the mistake of underestimating the importance of the Mason Jar," a sage observer of University affairs once commented. His mystical allusion was to the unusually high alcoholic content of the University's social life. The common, wide-mouthed Mason Jar, used in the North for home canning, is in the South the traditional container for illicitly distilled corn whisky from the Valley of Virginia. Of late, with the advent of the Albemarle Boys Club, the Mason Jar has become more a symbol of the thing than the thing itself. The Boys Club, its name synthesized from the name of the county in which Charlottesville lies and the initials of the state's Alcoholic Beverage Control, or liquor monopoly, offers standard brands of commercial whisky at about \$3 a fifth.

Neither drinking nor "flagrant immorality in other lines" is an organized activity at the University. The laissez-faire attitude of the University allows a youth to matriculate with a view to making a lecher of himself, and lets him also hold fast to old home ideals and absorb learning without interference from less abstemious students. Liquor is held by

the students to be one of their inalienable rights, and the company of the fair sex is considered another.

There is a baseless legend that Jefferson was drunk when he laid out the serpentine walls, and that these walls are one brick wide because brick clay was scarce (the earth is literally made of it in Charlottesville). Another University myth is accepted, perhaps wishfully, by the student body. This story holds that when Jefferson designed the Grounds he provided brothels for his lusty young men by erecting the two lines of low dormitory cells known as The Ranges. Though Edgar Allen Poe might not mind the story, the highly moral Woodrow Wilson must twitch in his grave each time it is repeated. Both Poe and Wilson lived in the West Range in their student days.

That bawdy houses were authorized in the University charter is held by students to be documented fact. But examination of the charter fails to give either explicit or implicit credence to the rumors. There is little doubt, however, that the Ranges have been used from time to time for the purpose for which legend says they were intended. It is almost non-existent now, but before the late war miscegenation was a rather popular peccadillo. It is accepted by University officials as a regrettable fact that before World War II many voluptuous light-skinned girls of the town used to frequent the Range rooms on prostitution bent, introducing themselves to the students as girls in quest

of laundry for their mothers' washboards. Often as not they were admitted to the rooms as welcome respite from a hard session with the books.

There has been no faculty campaign to stamp out such prostitution, and as far as can be determined, no student boycott of the opposite sex of the opposite hue. University spokesmen are inclined to believe that public opinion within the Negro community has forced the girls to abandon their commerce. Informed Negroes, on the other hand, doubt that the Negro section of Charlottesville is sufficiently unified for public opinion to jell effectively.

Regarding the white-Negro question, cohabitation has never been as great a worry to the University as Negro education. In the light of the Oklahoma case, in which a young Negro woman won the right to attend law courses equal to those given at the University of Oklahoma, the subject of segregation is under examination at the University, though not without the hope that the issue can be avoided. In justice to the University it must be remembered that the school is a creature of the Commonwealth and thus — regardless of the feelings of the faculty and students on the race question — must await the nod of the state government before taking any steps in the direction of racial equality. On the other hand, there is little or no desire on the University's part to alter the *status quo*, and inasmuch as President

Darden is a former Virginia governor of the same political complexion as the present administration, there is no reason to think that the University is a millimeter ahead of the state in contemplation of the co-education question.

Among the students there is quite general anti-Negro feeling, ranging from a passive disinclination to share their University to an active feeling of alarm over the possibility. The extreme of the lynch mob, however, is non-evident.

On the question of a practical application of the Oklahoma case, students feel that a Negro attending the University with the force of law behind him would experience ostracism at the hands of students. But probably more to the point (since a Negro would come to the University prepared for his probable social reception), the students believe and the officials do not attempt to deny that instructors and professors would exert continuous efforts to force the Negro student out of school.

President Darden is a segregation man — “as long as segregation isn't used, as it frequently is, as a means of oppression.” Darden's words on Negro education are these:

Under the Oklahoma ruling, colleges of equal rank must be provided or Negroes must be admitted to the University of Virginia. What will be done in this regard is a legislative matter. The emotional aspects of this question are inescapable. Personally, I do not feel that it is necessary to co-educate Negro and white. I believe some sort of regional school, where

Negroes could be assured a high level of undergraduate and graduate education would be more satisfactory from every standpoint. I think the Negro would be happier that way.

Though Negroes consider themselves better qualified than Mr. Darden to talk of their pursuit of happiness, the middle-of-the-road Negro agrees that for the present a pragmatic approach to education would dictate avoidance of a hostile campus. Ideally, the Negro holds, mixed education now would be desirable as a part of the effort to bring understanding between the races, but practically it would be difficult for a Negro to make his way at Charlottesville. Darden believes that "the Negro will move more rapidly given his own way than if he intermingles with the white." There is no doubt that the University administration agrees with its students that co-education of the races would not work.

Which gives rise to a situation difficult of analysis and impossible of explanation. Yearly, the University assimilates numerous Puerto Ricans, many of them dark of skin and Negroid of feature. Like the Charlottesville Negro, they are American citizens. Like him again, many of the Puerto Ricans have more than one-sixteenth Negro blood, and under Virginia segregation statutes apparently are proscribed from public assembly with whites. Yet, they attend white classes, study in white libraries, and, while they move argely in their own circles, do not

experience active hostility at the hands of either faculty or student body. Such is the logic of the dreamy Southland that the Negro from one political subdivision of the United States can attend the University with impunity, while a Negro of equal mental qualifications from another section cannot.

Naturally less evident than feeling on the race question is the attitude at the University regarding religious minorities. Ivy League anti-Catholicism is simply non-existent, and antipathy toward Jews as a group is hardly to be found without careful investigation. That the University administration is aware of the existence of two broad phyla, Jew and Gentile, is evidenced in a small, sly way which hardly does justice to the tolerant soul of Mr. Jefferson. As one University official explained it:

We have in the rules of the University a provision that any non-Virginian seeking to matriculate must appear in person before a regional admissions board. The only place that this is invariably enforced, year in and year out, is New York City.

Alumni pressure of a strange sort is credited with keeping the New York rule inflexible. According to the same University spokesman, Sephardic Jews of the old South have repeatedly turned the heat on the administration to keep *Ashkenazim* of the North out of Charlottesville. Though this may be an accurate apologia, a perusal of alumni lists reveals more Goldbergs and Rosenthals than Cardozos and Solis Cohens among the University's

southern graduates. This, however, is about as far as anti-Semitism goes. Students of whatever religious persuasion are accepted wholeheartedly by their fellows on the one basis of which Mr. Jefferson would approve: that of personality.

IV

Politically, the student body at Charlottesville is what a Marxist would term "immature," meaning that there are no Communist influences evident on the Grounds. Neither faculty nor students know of any enrolled Communists, and fellow-travelers are so few in number that when a Henry Wallace club was organized during fraternity Rush Week last spring, eleven students signed up. Meanwhile, the fraternities pledged 176.

The doctrinaire Progressivism of the Wallaceites would never have been approved by Mr. Jefferson; hence it is not approved by the University. One of the top Jefferson men speculates thus:

If Jefferson were alive today I don't believe he'd be either a Wallace or a Taft; he'd probably be a hell of a lot better than either of them.

Politically-minded students of the extreme left are unpopular at Virginia for a curious reason. Though they are vouchsafed their right to genuflect to Marx and Engels, their non-conformity in matters of dress is held against them. "These screwballs go around in their shirtsleeves," is the

common complaint against the Wallaceites.

Shirtsleeves are as out of place at the University as they would be in the Supreme Court. If a University rule dictated jackets and neckties, the individualists of the student body would likely wear T-shirts as a matter of principle. But public opinion dictates a University uniform which would mark a Charlottesville student wherever he might go. Though the basic requirement is coat and tie, the most popular costume is a seersucker jacket, gray flannel trousers, dirty white buckskin shoes, a white shirt, black knitted tie and a bare head. Zoot costumes are taboo and coatlessness is permissible only on occasions when a football hero wishes to show off his athletic letter.

Mr. Jefferson founded his school for leaders, and leaders today get the top honors. Omicron Delta Kappa, the honorary leadership fraternity, overshadows Phi Beta Kappa almost to the latter's extinction. A baker's dozen of the top student leaders comprise what is known as "Thirteen" and these men are the aristocrats of the University. The feeling about Phi Beta Kappa, pretty generally expressed, is that if all one wants out of college is a PBK key, he can get it by grinding his nose into books for four years. On the other hand, the students feel, it takes a real man to be admitted to the leadership élite.

The present student enrollment of slightly over 5000 is near, if not at,

the anticipated all-time peak. Personnel experts at the University believe the demands of veterans for education under the GI Bill of Rights have about run their course, but no one looks for a return of the prewar enrollment of 3000.

Financially the pinch is on hundreds of University men, for Mr. Jefferson's control over ideals is not equaled by his control over prices. While it is just barely possible for a student, aided by the GI Bill, to get by on about \$1000 an academic year, twice that figure is the minimum for anyone attempting to mix his business with a modicum of pleasure. A full-scale week-end date with a girl from "over the hump" at Mary Baldwin College may run to \$75. Automobile expenses — not an inconsiderable tab on a campus where nearly half the students own cars — also are a big item. What with such young worthies as Sam Goldwyn, Jr., whose activities at the University are almost as legendary as those of Edgar Allen Poe, the University has had its share of men with money to toss around. A law student there during the war paid \$65,000 for a home for his family.

It is not for such as these that the University is waging a fairly successful anti-inflation battle. President Darden has already made of himself something of a saint by cleaning up the University Commons and instituting a low-price menu which features a \$.40 steak. His victory has forced prices down to some extent in the town, but Darden is too well aware of

the University's need for the good will of civic leaders to admit that this was one of his objects in slashing prices at the Commons.

Considerable student aid is available to ease the lot of hard-hit, deserving men. The personnel office operates aggressively and efficiently, particularly on behalf of married students, some of whom manage in some unimaginable fashion to support their families on as little as \$135 a month, including all college expenses of the student *paterfamilias*. These couples on the financial borderline are a constant source of concern not only to themselves but to the University, for many of them exist in a sub-standard fashion and experience actual want — though not starvation — in their quest for the magic college diploma.

Possession of this open sesame, the sheepskin, gives a young man big ideas. Rare indeed is the youth who confers with the personnel people on his post-graduation plans without expressing the belief that "If I'm not making \$20,000 a year in five years I'll consider myself a flop." Whether the class of 1943 has developed an inferiority complex or has revised its ideas in the interim is not a matter of record.

Law students, by and large, have the most grandiose ideas. The University of Virginia boasts one of the finest law schools in the country, and its reputation has given Virginia "lawyers" a strange megalomania. "They don't seem to realize," a

placement counselor says, "that right now lawyers are a drug on the market." One Virginia Law student, in his last days at the University, was offered a training job with a large New York bank, the terms being 55 weeks of training at \$50 a week, plus lunch, and broad horizons for advancement. He turned it down. "I've been thinking of \$3600 a year to start and can't consider less," he said.

Medical students at the University's excellent hospital center have little trouble finding suitable spots, both for internship and post-interne activities. Most of them — predominantly Virginians due to provisions of the Medical School charter — come to Charlottesville full of youth, fire and a desire to be an old country doc. Somewhere along the line their outlook changes and most of them graduate planning to take residencies and gain certification as high-priced specialists.

More humility is displayed by B.S. and A.B. candidates than by any other group of University students. For their benefit primarily the University has concluded a widespread set of agreements with industry, and Charlottesville is a "must" stop in

the rounds of the talent scouts of the business world. Graduates are well thought of in commerce because it is known that a University of Virginia diploma indicates a moderately high degree of attention to duty. The almost total lack of faculty supervision puts a man on his mettle, with the result that many are called but few are chosen. Those who fail to graduate are of two major categories: the ones who are incapable of mixing their books and their Mason Jar, and the ones who lose interest in midpassage. Offenders against the Honor System are few in number.

So jealously is the scholastic reputation guarded that Virginia grants no honorary degrees. A politician who wishes to speak at Charlottesville — as Roosevelt did on the occasion of his "Stab in the Back" address — is always given the freedom of the Grounds, but never an honorary LL.D.

"It takes a man to get through here," a student leader sums it up. "And in spite of all this drinking and carousing and going over the hump to Mary Baldwin, this place turns out some of the best damned preachers in the South."

MARGINAL NOTE

BY MARGERY MANSFIELD

Knowing truth or beauty
Is knowing God, in a fashion,
Truth is the law of God.
Beauty is God's compassion.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

A STORY

BY HELEN EUSTIS

"Hi-yi!" he would say, with his creaky gaiety, "Tay, tay, t'hell wid yer coffee!" and he would laugh reminiscently, a slightly forced laugh. But no one ever laughed with him, because no one but himself ever knew what the rest of the joke was. At last his wife would lose her temper when he threw off these meaningless bits and tag-lines from his unshared past, and would lash out at him savagely.

But Julia, their daughter, sat by, silent and rather meditative, enjoying the wisdom bought with her nineteen years. She had weathered the dreadful sea-sickness of adolescence, the tempests and wasteful thrashings of revolt, and now knew when to keep her mouth shut. Let them fight. She would soon be out of it. Before her glowed the effulgent future, outlining the past as the dawn outlines the horizon. Then — ah then! — she would break all bonds, and no single thing or person in her life would be as before.

Seeing freedom so close, she was savoring the last days of her slavery; she was being gentle with her parents,

being appreciative of them as never before. *Ave atque vale*, she told them daily, without their hearing a word of it. Yes, they had wounded her, been unjust to her, had not sufficiently loved her — she did not forget her grievances; it was not that. But now she recognized the uselessness of remembering, and dwelt on them no more. She floated in the sweet air of omniscience, positively sublime. On these last days before her mother set off for the summer visit to Aunt Marcella, Julia shopped with her, lunched with her, made out as politely as she would have with a not-quite-congenial acquaintance. She was proud of herself, smug in her own forbearance, which lasted quite as long as it was needed — until they put her mother on the train.

"Hi-yi!" said her father with a jaunty wink as the train pulled out. "Like to take in a movie?"

"Sure," said Julia gently, happily, from her height. "Anything you say."

Yet later, alone in the house with only her father and a maid in the full

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blast of the valley summer, it was not so easy as that. She was bored — all her friends were away and there was not enough money for her to go too — and it was so hot. How could she remain cool when it was so hot? The feeling she had had that the future was near, just beyond another year of college, changed; she began to feel the heaviness of waiting — waiting for the telephone to ring, for a car to drive up the drive, for the mailman to come — anything! Suspense! That was the watchword of the season. Every night she lay in her hot room and tried to let go of her suspense, while from the river banks, trains called mournful, important, incomprehensible messages to her. Every morning she woke sweating, on twisted sheets, and felt the great suspense that kept the city alive during the breathlessly hot hours, the suspense that made it nearly unbearable to while away the empty days, when, bored with books, she only sat in the shade-dimmed house and heard the dog's toenails click lazily on the rugless floors. Why didn't she do something? What was there to do? What were they all waiting for, all the people like herself, left in this half-empty city? Nothing would happen. Cool weather would come and they would forget that they ever had waited for anything. Yet each time Julia perceived a break in the routine, some nearly imperceptible fissure in the surface of everyday, she would think before she could stop herself. Look out! This is it! Here it comes!

and be obliged to curse herself for a fool. How she resented the loss of that serenity she had so nearly had!

Still, in the evening, when it was time for her father to come home, she would take a bath, powder her damp skin, dress in fresh clothes, and be nearly the way she wished to be when he arrived.

"Hello, baby," he would say, laying his hard straw hat with the ribbon on the hall chair. "What'd you do today?" He would take the cigar out of his mouth to kiss her, and she would smile, trying not to touch his hot soiled skin, and say,

"Oh, nothing. The marketing. Not really anything at all." Then he would go upstairs to wash, and she would make a cocktail for them to drink together before dinner.

How her father expanded in her mother's absence! Without her daily reproaches for his inadequacies, his digestion improved, and with it his temper; he sought out entertainments he would ordinarily have avoided. Then why did you stay married to her? she wanted to ask him a thousand times, but she did not say a word. No, all that was behind her. How coolly, how serenely, she presided at his table. There was not a word of conflict in that house.

II

Then one Sunday, as they sat over breakfast in pajamas with the curtains drawn against the sun, her father said, "How'd you like to drive out to Stillwater, to the Takes' place to-

day?" and her heart pounded as if some great hammer blow had jarred her calm. Why, what —

"Oh, that would be fun!" she said at once, stepping back neatly from the abyss at her feet. "I'd love to. Do you think anybody will be there?"

"Well," he said, "even if nobody is, it's a nice drive."

When she came downstairs from dressing, he came in from the garden and met her at the screen door with a posy of midsummer flowers in his hand. "Here's a tussy-mussy for you," he took the cigar out of his mouth to say. She tucked the flowers in her belt, and kissed him on the cheek, like a girl in a movie or play.

"Oh, thank you!" she said in a bright voice. Why can't Mother be like this? she could not help thinking. Life would be so much easier.

She opened the garage doors, stood by while he backed the car out, then closed them again. She climbed in beside him, rolled down her window, and they were off.

They were off for the Takes, out through the city, smoky with morning haze, out to the end of the street-car tracks, and into the lush Ohio countryside. The river curled beside them for a while.

"*La belle rivière*," he said. "Audubon calls it *la belle rivière*."

His accent was terrible, but all the same she felt pleased with him. Some of his out-of-the-way tidbits of information made her proud. He knew the oldest houses and pointed them out as they passed through the little

river towns. Some of his insistent attachment to the past seemed to her truly romantic. The Takes seemed to her a romantic part of his past. They had moved away from Stillwater now, lived scattered across the country, and only came back to the old house in summer, one or two members of the family at a time. But her father had known them before he married her mother, before she had been born, and all her life Julia had heard his stories about them. Those tales had caught her imagination and made her picture it all, made her sometimes yearn to have lived in these picturesque days of long skirts and long hair; high-laced shoes and house parties — people were always having house parties in her father's youth, if photograph albums were to be trusted. They played mandolins and practical jokes on each other, they posed for foolish snapshots, they went on picnics and hayrides and moonlight sings, and the prevailing impression that Julia had was that then life had not been so — difficult. Was that true? But this she could not ask. . . . Then how queer and unlikely it had been that she herself had known Belle Take's daughter Edith briefly — and romantically too — for a fleeting summer at camp. When she was thirteen, and Edith seventeen, if she remembered rightly. Edith had been her — well, her *hero* that summer.

All at once the faint freshness of morning had disappeared, the day had declared itself as terribly hot.

Beads formed on Julia's upper lip as fast as she could blot them away; the air came in the car window in a solid rush of heat. The road glimmered with mirages, then a sign appeared: Stillwater, Unincorporated. They turned onto a brick paved street which divided rows of enormous elms. Green lawns floated in liquid shade that looked as cool as water, but was not. On shadowy porches, old ladies sat in rockers, moving fans; here two children squirted each other with a hose, half naked and enviably dripping. Down between the rows of shops, past the bank, the movie house, the Civil War monument, people crossed the streets bemusedly, as if drunk on summer heat. Watching them, Julia mopped her own face and gasped.

"Hot!"

"Hot as Sam Hill!" agreed her father. "Hot as the hinges of Tunket!"

III

They came out on the other side of town and passed through the gray stone gateposts of the Takes' place. *Pin Oaks* was carved on each of them on a smoother stone plaque. Up the long shade-drowned drive they went, past the deserted tennis court, the rusted iron stag. Now I am going back to that time, Julia amused herself by thinking, I am going back before my birth to the prenatal past. Where the established middle-aged will have become young and uncertain, where old Mrs. Take will hold out her punch glass and say, "Oh, I

couldn't possibly drink another!" where my father and Willy Harrison will be ambushed in the forsythia to listen to stammering Harold Hargrave propose to Belle, where Hannah Take, the tomboy, will put the cat down the laundry chute, where Ben Todd's pants will fall off in the middle of a set of mixed doubles. I will be wholesome, but with a small waist, and everything will be jolly. No one will worry about anything.

"Daddy," she said abruptly, "was it as much fun as it sounds like when you were young?"

He waited to throw his cigar stump out of the window before he answered, chuckling and wagging his head, "Pretty near. It pretty darn near was."

Then the house came in sight, enormous yet homely, standing in the shade of its own turrets and porches, enclosed in yet independent of trees. It looked unkempt and vacant.

"D'you think anybody will be home?" Julia asked her father anxiously, uselessly, and he,

"Well, if not we can always turn around and go home."

But he would have been disappointed too; he must have been immersed in real memories of which she had only the accounts. Suddenly, illogically, there fled across her mind the image of Edith as she had known her, late adolescent, straight-haired, Indian-browed, dark and dashing with a silver bracelet wide as a cuff on her arm. Good God, what could Edith be like, grown up now, com-

mitted to being pretty or ugly, — yes, male or female — having a permanent wave, wearing red fingernail polish, high heels? Oh, God, she prayed, I hope nobody's here!

They descended from the car and a hot breeze followed them up the steps; they found the front door open and stared through the screen into the dark, dark-walled hall, waiting for someone to answer the bell.

Soon rubber-soled footsteps sounded on the parquetry and Hannah Take — Hannah Parsons now — came through the gloom, squinting into the light. She was dressed in a short tennis dress and sneakers, her hair looked grayer than when Julia had seen her a few years ago, but her narrow sunburnt face still wore its little-boyish look under the middle-aged flesh. She grinned welcomingly, showing her long teeth, as she made out their faces.

"Well, Linc Wilson!" she exclaimed. "Come in! Come in, Julia."

She held the screen for them to pass inside, into the cooler darkness of the big square hall, where antlered heads of deer brooded from the paneling. Awkwardly, Julia's father put his hands on Hannah Take's shoulders and kissed her cheek. "How's the old girl?" he said, a bit breathless.

"Never better," said Hannah, patting his arm.

"How's George?" he asked her, and Julia had to struggle a little to remember that George, of course, was Hannah's husband, that Hannah even had a son older than herself whom she

had never met. Whenever she thought of Hannah, it was as a fifteen-year-old in a sailor dress, pestering everybody in those old days when her father had come to call. It gave Julia a dislocated feeling, seeing Hannah now, to think of her that way.

"Julia's gotten pretty," Hannah said, but not patronizingly at all, and Julia smiled.

Then Hannah and her father plainly forgot her, chatting along eagerly as they moved toward the doorway of the library. Every few minutes, one would take hold of the other's arm and shake it a little, exclaiming, "Long time no see," and they would grin at each other. If Mother were here, thought Julia, it couldn't be happening this way. Jolly, that was how they behaved together, jolly and innocent, just as she had always imagined everyone being in the old days. Then they were at the library, and suddenly her heart turned upside down when a figure rose from the dimness there. Edith? her mind cried wildly, but then she made out that it was a stranger, a plain girl of indeterminate age, in a white tennis dress like Hannah's, with a hard brown face, marble eyes, and straight brown hair turned behind her ears.

"This is Norma —" said Hannah, half turning to Julia, who missed the last name.

"How do you do?" said Julia, to which the girl answered, "Hullo," very coolly.

"We just had some tennis," said Hannah to Julia and her father, and

then, to them all, "What will you have to drink?" Julia and the stranger said coke, while Julia's father said a highball, and went off with Hannah to mix it, leaving the girls in the library alone.

IV

Here the walls were dark, like the hall, the chintz slipcovers were faded and worn, and the sunlight filtered bright green through the heavy foliage, laying pale cool light on the massive dusty furniture. The girl lounged back in a corner of the couch, staring at Julia, twiddling the screws of the racket press that lay beside her, and Julia didn't like her, didn't like her at all. She was neither jolly nor innocent, that was plain, yet how at home she seemed! Probably she knew how all the rooms upstairs looked that Julia had never seen; she came here to play tennis with Hannah, she must play with Edith, when Edith was here. . . . "Do you live in Stillwater?" asked Julia.

"Oh, yes," said the girl shortly.

"Do you play a lot of tennis here?"

"You mean at Pin Oaks? Only when the girls are around. I have to drag Hannah."

"Do you know Edith?" asked Julia.

"Edith? Oh sure. She doesn't come back much any more. We used to play together when we were kids."

When they were kids. If she and Edith were the same age, then this Norma was only four years older than Julia — twenty-three. She looked old-

er. She acted older — making Julia feel as if she were doing a conversation exercise in a foreign language. A need to make some expression — expression of anything — come into her hard face made Julia say, before she could think better of it, "I went to camp with Edith when I was a kid. I had a crush on her."

The girl leaned forward from the corner of the sofa into the dim light, an emotion gathering on her face at last, a curious yet familiar look of demanding eagerness. "Oh, do tell me!" she said, in a cold teasing voice, "What does it feel like to have a crush on someone?"

Were they adults or were they children? Julia wondered wildly, searching for what to answer. Like how many encounters with how many schoolmates this was — mean little girls of ten or twelve to whom you told your dearest secrets in the hope of winning their regard, but who next day would recount them publicly, with ridicule, in front of the rest of the class. But I'm grown up! she assured herself. Still she was under that miserable childhood compulsion not to lie. "It feels like being in love," she blurted, doing her best to make her tone, at least, distant. She laughed falsely and took a package of cigarettes out of her purse. "Have one?" she said defiantly to the girl, who only shook her head no.

"Just like being in love — really?"

But now, with the smoke curling out of her mouth and nostrils, with her eyelids downcast while she inspected

her light, Julia was able to make herself sound adult and cool. "It's a kind of pastime at all girls' camps, I guess. The head counselor warned against it at the beginning of the season, I remember; so of course, after that, it wasn't chic *not* to have a crush. The little girls had them on the big girls and the big girls had them on the counselors." That was true. It was not, after all, simply personal. It was a phenomenon.

But the girl only showed a look of satisfaction on her unpowdered face. "How about Edith? Did she have a crush on someone?"

Oh, Julia was grown up all right! This time she would not be caught. "She was too old, I suppose," she lied. But she had. Edith had had a crush on Mary Webster, who was a counselor. Mary was sweet — not like Edith at all — with soft eyes and protruding teeth that kept her lips a little apart all the time. How easy it was to visualize Mary, but it took a moment to picture Edith, call to mind her features and marshal them into a single image. . . . When she did, Julia saw her with awful clarity, night dark, with the wide silver bracelet on her arm, daring and gallant in the barelegged camp costume.

Still the questioner was not satisfied, still she leaned forward, silhouetted on luminescent, moving leaves, as she blocked out light from the French windows. "What did you *do* when you had a crush?" she demanded of Julia, with her incredibly brazen mocking.

Now Julia turned her head away, caught, unable to stop remembering the sight and smell of it, the wet bathing suits on the line, the Crib, where beginners learned to swim, the canoeing test, when you tipped over a canoe with all your clothes on, the being dragged unbearably from your warm bed by your teammates to take a before-breakfast dip, the homesickness and the knowledge that you could not go home, and standing before the head counselor on one occasion while she said, "You have the most discontented face I have ever seen on any child!" — had she meant it? — and the time she found Edith's fountain pen that was stamped with her name in the boathouse, and kept it; the time she had gone with Edith and Mary in a canoe when they had paddled all the way across the lake to the inn. The mountains came down to the lake's edge all around, and Julia had said loudly, to startle them, "I hate mountains!" but Mary and Edith had only laughed and told her that mountains were beautiful, as if she had no right to an opinion, as if she were hardly there at all. How loveless it was! she thought urgently, her heart melting for her poor, plump, breastless thirteen-year-old self.

"Oh," she said at last, tardily answering the question, "just — worshipped."

At this the girl took a cigarette from a box on the table beside her and lit it, lowering her eyes like a spy in a movie who has got the desired information and has only to make his

getaway to report it all to headquarters. Knowing she had said enough and then some, Julia began to want to talk more, to explain it, show how innocent it all had been. When you're thirteen you aren't anything yet, you have these feelings, but you don't know where to direct them — I'm not (call it a spade!) a lesbian or anything! I've been in love with lots of boys!

But watching the stranger's eyes as she stared in secret judgment at her cigarette, this began to sound over-protected even to herself; she began to try to remember more minutely how it had been. Suppose, she thought wildly, there really were something I can't remember, something that I'm hiding in my subconscious. But that seemed terribly far-fetched; after all, it was only six years ago, and if there *had* been anything — well, she wouldn't have forgotten it, that was all. What she did remember was — the time her father had come up to visit her. He had taken her and Edith — Edith as Belle Take's daughter rather than as Julia's friend — out to luncheon in the old Hupmobile that was her mother's shame. She had tried to impress Edith by telling her that she was learning to drive, and after Daddy left she had cried for hours with homesickness. She had never wanted to go to camp. She had hated it. She had eaten a whole box of laxatives in the hope of being sent home — or possibly dying — but all that had resulted was a mild case of the trots. But that wasn't what she

had set out to recall. Edith — yes, walking with the other girls, in bathrobe and slippers, through the rows of cabins in the cool mountain nights, to the wash shack, before Taps. There, where it smelled of kerosene lanterns and toothpaste, she would kiss Edith goodnight, if she were lucky enough to meet her. Perfectly public — she was sure most of the other girls kissed somebody goodnight — otherwise how would she have dared? Like kissing your parents, when you were home. No, be honest. Not like that. Pleasant soft lips. Like kissing yourself, if you could.

v

The strange girl had got up and was wandering around the room, looking affectedly at pictures she must have seen a thousand times before. Then, with a kind of strutting step, toes turned in, she walked out between the long doors without a word, onto the grass, down the slope in the sun. Julia sighed and closed her eyes. Tension flowed from her. When she looked about again, there was the dark cool room, probably very little changed in the last thirty years, the gently glowing gold picture frames, the collected refuse of the past — a mandolin with broken strings on top of the secretary, a cabinet of curios, a small crystal ball on a quartz base, ivory spheres carved one inside another, a porcelain mandarin whose head must surely nod, and behind her, on the big oak table, a photograph album. This she seized and took on

her lap. Here was a party, done up in dusts, posed beside an antique automobile; here was a comedy of Hannah pouring from an empty pitcher on the neat center part of some young man's hair; next, Belle Take, in a riding habit and derby. Desperately she tried to call these to her, to see them all, here in a crowd, in this very room, Hannah, Belle, old Mrs. Take, Ben Todd, her father, dressed in their stiff collars and tight knickers, formidable blouses and bell-shaped skirts. One of them would strum the mandolin, would sing some foolish song she'd heard her father sing:

Ruby lips, sweeter than
Sugar or plum,
Smiling, guiling,
Never look glum.
Seem to say
All the day
Kissy come, come!
Yummy yum!
Yummy yum!
Yum yum yum!

But for all her straining her imagination it was no good, it was no good at all. For something went wrong with her fantasy, it ran away from her control and took a shape of its own. Through the happy, noisy crowd, a dark, almost sinister figure broke its way: Edith, wearing the white middy and maroon bloomers of their camp over her flat body, scattering the other ghosts from her path, while they stood aghast and silenced by her nudity and rudeness. Straight to Julia's chair she strode, and Julia's heart nearly burst from her breast for wondering what she had come for.

But in the moment before Edith would have spoken, Julia's father, now his middle-aged stocky self, frowning with authority, left the crowd of ghosts and clapped his hand on the barelegged Edith's shoulder. What are you up to? What's the idea? his most awful voice cried, and Julia shuddered and cringed with guilt, turned chilly in the heat, rose and walked around the room to dispel the dream. . . .

"Hi-yi!" said her father, appearing in the doorway with a drink tinkling in his hand. "Tay, tay —"

"The'll wid yer coffee!" Hannah chimed in. "Here, I forgot you said coke and mixed you a drink too, Julia."

"Tay, tay," began her father ecstatically, lifting his glass.

And Julia sat in silence, sipping her drink, looking out from under her eyebrows at Hannah and her father, gathering up and replacing the scattered bits of her self-possession. The other two reminisced happily through several drinks, but ran out of subject matter finally because there seemed to be a limit to how long one could dwell on events thirty years gone. They came, at last, to half-hearted questions about each other's spouses, business, and people who had died. The sky clouded over late in the afternoon and thunder rumbled far away.

"We'd better get home, Daddy," said Julia.

"Oh, in a minute!" he dismissed her.

"Honestly, Daddy, if we're going to beat that storm —"

He was persuaded to the door, weaving a little, jovial, expansive, bursting forth with increasing frequency and inanity with his, "Tay, tay —" There was a comradely look of relief and irritation that passed between Hannah and Julia when they said goodbye.

"You must come up to see us when the girls are here," Hannah said.

"I'd love to," said Julia.

"Goodbye, old girl," her father said sentimentally, and gave Hannah a wet kiss.

"Hadn't I better drive?" asked Julia.

"A-ah!" he dismissed her, with a wave of his hand. "Been driving since before you were a wicked gleam in my eye!"

At last they were in the car, they were off. The sky was growing darker, and the heat seemed even worse. Julia's father drove faster, passing through a red light at a cross road, humming to himself. He felt in the breast pocket of his rumpled white suit for a cigar, but there was none; he turned to Julia grinning. "Hi-yi!" he began. "Tay, tay —"

"Watch out!" she cried, but all in a second he had reached a railroad crossing just as the black-and-white striped gates were coming down; he had run the nose of the car right under one of the bars.

There was no harm done except for scratched paint on the hood, the angry crossing man, and the abrupt shock to her nerves, yet all at once Julia experienced the most violent sense of revulsion and fury; she could

have hit, she could have killed. . . .

"No harm done," he was saying. "Accidents happen in the best-regulated families."

"No!" she heard herself replying curtly, in her mother's voice, "No harm done, no thanks to you!"

"Now listen, Miss Know-it-all!" he began, his temper flaring too.

They were staring at each other, they were glaring into each other's eyes with the very look of himself and her mother. In Julia's soul, the barricades and truce flags of the summer had gone down, loosing all the threats and disappointments of this afternoon, all the fears and questions and evil possibilities of her life. I hate you! she thought to him, letting it show in her eyes. I hate you for your stupid jokes that nobody can understand, for your ineffectuality — yes, I hate you because you don't make enough money! I hate you because you would never listen to how it was with me, for your spinelessness and your unfulfilled promises! I hate you for making me mistrust the whole of your sex because you were the first of it I ever saw! I hate you for making me sorry for you, for being weaker than I am. . . . She began to cry, but at least she said none of it out loud.

"Oh, come now!" he said somewhat drily — the train had passed, the gates risen, and they were driving on. "Surely it's not that bad."

"Tay, tay, t'hell wid yer coffee!" she said bitterly, between sobs, and they did not speak to each other again for the rest of the drive.

REPORTING VS. THE ART OF FICTION

BY J. DONALD ADAMS

REPORTING is one of the greatest American skills. In that craft we are acknowledged leaders, as much so as we are in the technique of industrial production. It is a skill which we acquired early and have consistently developed. Reporting is the triumph of our journalism; for many years it has been, with rare exceptions, more dynamic than the writing of opinion on the things it describes. But what, I propose to ask in this article, of its bearing on our literature? For there is no doubt that its influence on the writing of American fiction, particularly during the past half-century, has been enormous. In some respects that influence has been salutary; in others, I believe it has been deeply harmful.

It has been salutary because it has fostered the observant eye and has encouraged the use of first-hand material. It was an effective force in widening the range of that material, and the men who broke the chains of the genteel tradition in our fiction had, in the majority, been newspaper reporters before they turned to the novel. It bred vitality because it maintained a direct relation to life as

the reporter saw it. It was further effective, I think, in reducing pomposities and artificialities of style, as well as in curbing the sentimental approach. And there, I submit, its contributions end.

Reporting is concerned with externals, and that is the chief reason its influence on the writing of fiction has so heavy a debit side. It has given a surface character to the representative American novel. It has impeded the growth of American fiction as a form of art, and impaired its value as a commentary on the life it observes.

I suppose that contemporary American fiction is richer in topical allusion (except for the continuing flood of novels which resurrect the ghosts of history) than any other. The British and the Continental writers have always found it easier to work in a timeless spirit than have we, especially since the closing years of the nineteenth century. For my own part, I find myself becoming increasingly annoyed by the incessant use of timely tags which characterizes every other novel whose period and setting are those of the approximate present.

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Many of these allusions will be meaningless in less time than you can set up a new South American government. They are necessary, no doubt, in the case of such books as *Gentleman's Agreement* — a story, incidentally, which, for my money, might better have been written in the form of the series of articles alluded to in the novel. As fiction, as the credible representation of human reactions, this novel, like so many others dealing forcibly with a contemporary problem, seemed to me lamentably weak, its psychology annoyingly false, so that several times I had to put the book down in a fit of impatience. This falseness occurred only in situations created by its central theme. Elsewhere the reactions of the characters ring true. You cannot make me believe — or rather, Mrs. Hobson cannot make me believe — that a person who happens not to be a Jew, or a Roman Catholic, or a Negro, or any other something the being of which creates intensely sensitive or irritant areas, can so completely identify himself with that outside something as to experience precisely the same reactions when those areas are attacked, as if he were actually that something himself. One can understand, and sympathize, or be angry, yes, but actually to feel the same hurt, the same indignity, the same injustice — that, I submit, is entirely a bird of another feather.

But I am, perhaps, writing beside the point. My chief concern is not with information, or propaganda (if

it is possible today to draw a distinction between the two) or argument, masquerading as fiction, but with the delusion that life can be satisfactorily and insightfully portrayed when there is a sole reliance upon the reportorial method in fiction. The reporter's capacities are a most valuable adjunct to the novelist's equipment, but they are not in themselves sufficient to ensure a truly creative rendering of the human spectacle. Such early realists as that highly skilled craftsman, Defoe, made up for the thinness of their approach to their material by a deliberate overlay of moralizing, plastering it on to a degree which today's reader finds difficult to accept. But too many of today's realists offer their readers nothing better — or even as good — in its place. They have nothing more to offer, aside from a bit of sugar-coating in the form of flimsy make-believe, than the facts which may be as readily ascertained from the morning newspaper.

II

It is impossible to be dogmatic about the craft of fiction without being absurd, for it is a long-established truth that no other art is more flexible or inclusive. It is a house of many mansions — and hovels — and no single set of standards is sufficient to judge it by. And it is the peculiar intolerance of our time that, while praise is too often indiscriminate, insistence upon a Procrustean bed in the valuation of contemporary novels is far too frequent. For a time it was the

Marxian yardstick, or, in abbreviated form, an insistence upon social awareness — one of those terms so common among us that lend themselves too easily to cant — or the obligation to be cynical or tough, or, as now, to be also timely. The tar-brush of “escapism” has been slapped about like that implement used by bill posters at work on a highway billboard. “Escape” is today one of the most cruelly misused words in the language.

Now the photographic eye, so essential to the production of arresting, timely fiction, is, at its sharpest, the source of many novels that we would not willingly spare from the history of American fiction: the novels of Sinclair Lewis’ highwater period, for example, or the *U.S.A.* trilogy of Dos Passos (for all its sins of omission under so pretentious a title). These are, perhaps, its most shining exemplars; they have achieved their worth as fiction without benefit of those other qualities — depth of portraiture, a balanced presentation of life, possession of the tragic sense (and, conversely, of a mature humor) — in which American fiction of the present century has shown no comparable strength.

The closest Lewis has come to achieving depth of portraiture was in the case of *Babbitt*, while Dos Passos, in the whole animated gallery of *U.S.A.*, failed to create a single figure that is more than a sharply outlined silhouette. Not a major novelist of the century displays the kind of humor to which I have just referred;

and in seeing life whole, the best women novelists of the period have at least done better than the men, the best of whom have had a particular axe to grind. And as for the tragic sense, I have at some length set forth elsewhere (*The Shape of Books to Come*) my reasons for thinking that Dreiser’s *An American Tragedy* fails to warrant its title. There is a truer tragic sense displayed in certain pages of Elizabeth Maddox Roberts, Edith Wharton (*The House of Mirth* and *Ethan Frome*), Pearl Buck (*The Good Earth*), and Ellen Glasgow (*Barren Ground* and *The Sheltered Life*) than in the work of any of their male contemporaries. Willa Cather’s prevailing mood was too gentle to permit of authentic tragedy.

One trouble — the chief, perhaps — with the photographic eye when it is unsupplemented save for narrative sense — is, as E. M. Forster once pointed out when writing of the earlier Lewis, that its focus tends to dim with the passage of time. The recordings, as they run to inevitable repetition, are also increasingly likely to become blurred, while the mind behind the eye is forced to the restless search for fresh material. (*Vide*, in the case of Lewis, that hotel novel — what was it called?, and *The Prodigal Parents*, the Judge Timberlane story and, despite the gain provided by intense feeling and conviction, *Kingsblood Royal*.) Worse even than the case of Lewis, who can be, and is, forgiven much because of the special character of his best work and because

he burns, on occasion, with a fierce flame, is that of James T. Farrell, one of the most grossly overpraised writers in American fiction. His most recent novel, *Bernard Clare*, was a horrible example of the fate that lies in store for the fundamentally uncreative writer who, perforce, follows the method which Mr. Farrell has so unswervingly and longwindedly pursued. Once again, with a new set of names, and a new locale, he tells the story of his youth, from which, in his writing, he has never escaped. Mr. Farrell's case is the more deplorable because he also functions as a critic, and thus adds his bit to the stranglehold that documentary writing has recently held on so-called serious American fiction. Recently he lent his name to pushing the adolescent work of a gifted but probably doomed newcomer to the ranks of the Tell-it-All-Plainly-but-Myopically School, whose crudely conceived story about a Southern military school achieved a disheartening popularity.

III

If I give particular attention to Mr. Farrell in this article, it is because he writes both fiction and criticism, and because he has assumed a position at the head of the more or less whole-hog realists — those who are more properly tagged, perhaps, as naturalists, for true realism, it seems to me, demands more than the bare bones of fiction, which is all that writers of Mr. Farrell's persuasion have to offer us. Accordingly, my hackles rose

when, in reviewing *Bernard Clare*, Professor Matthiesen of Harvard remarked that in what he properly described as "a lean season of fiction," one of the few signs of vitality was Mr. Farrell's "continued dedication to naturalism." The truth of his assertion was promptly undermined when he went on to say that "notwithstanding the weight of his [Farrell's] material, each successive handling of it has risked relapse into a repeated and thereby mechanical formula." Of course; it was more than a risk, it was a certainty. The dead-end approach to fiction which Emile Zola fathered, with contributory genes from Defoe, and which has been dignified by the name of naturalism, is doomed as a developing form of art because its sole strength lies in what Professor Matthiesen calls "weight of material," plus the vividness of its presentation. It is a method, furthermore, which, paradoxically enough, not only leaves out too much, but is prone, as in the case of Mr. Farrell's two series of novels about Chicago's South Side, via his own childhood, to include far too much.

Naturalism's only claim to our interest lies in its documentary content. In this respect Mr. Farrell's work has been valuable, but the measure of vitality he has achieved derives from the fact that he has not actually practiced, at all times, a simon-pure naturalism. The elements of sympathy and compassion which are present in some of his best pages have saved him from complete aridity.

The inflexibly naturalistic writer is dependent upon the freshness of his material, whereas the novelist who transcends that method, as the greatest novelists have all done, need not care whether his material is threadbare or not.

It may have been a good thing — certainly it was an inevitable one — for our fiction to run through this phase of documentation in which writers like Dreiser and Lewis, Dos Passos and Farrell, have played so leading a part. But it is time to move on to something else. We are staggering now under the burden of facts which we have accumulated during these probing years. We need desperately to assimilate them, to assess their true value, to stack them against such truths as we know to be unvarying and ever-present. We need writers with a wider vision and with a deeper feeling for human character than these men have proved themselves to be. Their job was useful; sometimes it was entertaining as well, but it has done little or nothing to advance the human spirit. And that is the immediate and chief task of our time.

I shall probably be attacked for saying what I have just said; it has happened before when I have expressed the same conviction in different words. I have been told that I fail to see the value of and necessity for the kind of writing which struck the dominant note of the 1920s. I don't believe I do, but I believe also that the value is a secondary one, and

that the period of its necessity is long since over. It is strange that the same people who are infuriated by the assertion that the hour for constructive writing has struck, are loud in their insistence on constructive doing at this juncture. Our world is damn near on the rocks, and its chances of being smashed on them will be measurably increased unless those who help to set the tone and temper of our time pull their oars in the right direction: It is ridiculous to say that they take their tone and temper from the character of the time in which they live; that character is as much determined by the free volition of the men and women whose period it is, as by the forces, economic and otherwise, which operate in it.

But to return to reliance on the photographic eye in literature. Sean O'Faolain, the Irish short story writer and novelist, once exclaimed bitterly over the persistence of the long shadow cast by Defoe over the writing of English fiction. He wrote:

One becomes so weary of the photographic reality, that one wishes literature could learn again from Greek tragedy and dispense with character altogether. One wishes for that exaltation of mood in which the merely familiar drops away completely and the characters achieve a certain timelessness that, like a piece of headless sculpture or a formal pious picture, holds one as a symbol holds the devout. For all differentiation drops away at moments of high tragedy, and Hamlet and Laertes are indistinguishable in the moments of their death. . . . The greatest kind of literature is surely, epic and folk-song; and toward these two, litera-

ture, and in a way, all art, is constantly striving backward out of the tangle of its own sophistication to a dignity that depends largely on the oneness of man.

An interesting overstatement, I think. The greatest novelists, Tolstoy particularly, have known how to use the photographic method to good purpose, though they have not made it their one tool (assuming the presence also of that narrative skill without which there can be no novel at all).

I doubt very much whether Mr. O'Faolain, on sober reflection, would wish to dispense with character altogether. Indistinguishable as Hamlet and Laertes may be in death, they certainly were not so in life.

Certainly the fiction of our period could do with a deeper feeling for character. It is not surprising that an increasing number of people are re-reading the great Victorians. It may be true, as Van Wyck Brooks once observed, that "Our age of psychology is not an age of interest in human nature," resting his distinction on the belief that psychology turns one's attention to the causes of things, whereas what matters most is their significance. He found in the Victorians, on the other hand, "an excited wonder over human nature." Be that as it may, I believe it is true

that our period has carried the effort to attain detachment in the portrayal of character too far, so that it has run short on that warm sympathy, that identification of the author with his creation, which so engaged the Victorian reader, and is again engaging us. The laboratory is no workshop for the creative novelist. And that is one of the truths that the determinedly naturalistic novelists have never learned.

In order to achieve the logical summation of a completely objective approach (a patent impossibility because no writer, however honest or skilled, can hope to escape entirely from the bonds of his own sensibility) the novelist would have to be as devoid of feeling as a research chemist watching his test tubes. Can anyone wish to hold literature to such a level? To be immersed in it would be like living (if that were possible) in the thin air of the stratosphere. Then indeed it would be time to burn the books, and to quote with approval the words of Disraeli: "Books are fatal; they are the curse of the human race. Nine tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense. The greatest misfortune that ever befell man was the invention of printing."



RACKETEERING IN HEARING AIDS

BY PERCIVAL WILDE

AT LEAST 7 million Americans suffer from defective hearing. Most of them should wear electrical hearing aids, since they compensate largely for disabilities which are usually permanent and progressive, add immensely to the joys of living, help their users to remain mentally normal, and prevent them from becoming burdens on their friends and relatives. Only 10 per cent of these unfortunates actually own and rely upon such aids, and these 700,000 men, women and children comprise one of the most cruelly exploited groups in our population.

The history of the hearing device, which has become so well known in little more than a generation, can be compressed into three paragraphs:

It was made possible by the invention of the telephone, and like it, was bulky and heavy when first introduced. Its size and weight decreased when a demand for a portable instrument manifested itself. Consisting at first of a sensitive telephone transmitter, a similarly sensitive telephone receiver clamped over the ear, and a battery, with cables linking the parts, its efficiency was later increased by

"push-pull" amplification (invented by Edison in the nineteenth century), and it was revolutionized when the vacuum-tube became the heart of its design.

The original electrical aid is said to have weighed more than the person to whom it was attached, or who, more properly, was attached to it. Its size was measured in cubic feet. Its power, though first multiplied by two or even four transmitters, was limited, and the sounds it emitted tended to have tinny qualities. Its modern descendant consists of a transmitting-amplifying unit little larger than a pack of cigarettes. Miniature batteries are housed in the same shell, and there is a choice between a perfected telephone receiver so small that it actually enters the human ear and a "bone-conductor" which alternatively transmits sound through the bones of the skull. Its power has been stepped up so greatly that controls are needed to keep it in check; its tone has acquired purity and fidelity; and its weight has been reduced to a matter of ounces.

In the early days the sponsors of

PERCIVAL WILDE is perhaps best known as a dramatist and as an author of detective fiction. He became interested in hearing aids some time ago because of his own impaired hearing, and as consultant for Consumers' Research, Inc., has for many years prepared reports on the subject for this organization.

the few brands on the market were manufacturers in every sense of the word: they made transmitters, receivers, rheostats and accessories in their own factories. They encountered great sales resistance, for those who needed help most did not care to tell it to the world, least of all by wearing uncomfortable devices which gave off strange background noises. Photographs showing the General of the Salvation Army and a well known member of European royalty wearing the aids were freely circulated, since they had set the example. Prices were necessarily high: it took advertising and salesmanship to persuade the deafened to invest in the new instruments, and research, which brought about a long series of improvements, called for liberal appropriations. But the abuses which persist in the industry at this date had their inception in the methods of thirty years ago.

When a telephone company installs a new type of instrument, it may be taken for granted that it incorporates every improvement found to be desirable since the introduction of the previous model. Instruments are not sold; they are rented, and new models call for the investment of capital so extensive that it will not be recovered for years. It is to the company's interest to install the best possible telephone, and to change it only at the lengthiest possible intervals.

From the beginning, exactly the opposite state of affairs has prevailed

in the hearing-aid industry. Aids were sold, not rented; it was the customer's capital which was invested. An immediate profit had been made, and it was evident that it could be swelled into an endless series of profits, for after a brief interval, the same buyer, whose hearing might be expected to have deteriorated, would be a logical prospect for a better aid, and would offer less sales resistance than an individual who had not previously bought. It was indispensable to find new customers, but it was easy to resell the old ones.

A "new" model would therefore be introduced, heralded as an epoch-making improvement on its predecessor, which was now rendered officially obsolete. It doubtless was an improvement, for the defects of the early instruments were manifold; but instead of incorporating all the changes which research had made possible, it was shrewder business to present them singly, making each the pretext for a new model. While the competition in the field made a succession of improvements necessary, considerations of profit argued against offering too many of them simultaneously. The logical moment for another "new" model always came, by a curious coincidence, whenever the sales of the old one began to taper off.

Often the advances were microscopic, and often they affected only one part of the three-part instrument. Existing aids could usually have been brought up to date simply by substituting the new transmitter or re

ceiver for the old one. But this would have reduced the dealer's profit: he preferred to sell an entirely new instrument, and the manufacturer cooperated with him by altering the terminals into which cable-ends were soldered so that older units could never be connected with new. If the terminals had previously been screwed in, the screws would be replaced by prongs, and the prongs by snap connectors. Sliding connectors might come next, and then there might be a return to screws — with different threads; or prongs — stouter or thinner; or snaps of some different kind. The writer's collection contains an amazing variety of such connectors, no two of them alike, which were supplied with a dozen successive models of a single make of hearing aid.

The instrument sold for \$100 and upward. Fifteen dollars — rarely \$25 — would be allowed for an older one traded in against it; and though the latter might be in perfect working order, it would be destroyed so that it could not be resold. Thousands of persons to whom the prices of new instruments were prohibitive would have liked to buy used aids. They were not allowed to do so, and again and again persons who sought to set up businesses in second-hand aids were crushed by being denied supplies.

The aids needed occasional attention, and their owners were urged to bring them in frequently. This made the service departments dependable sources of income, for minor

adjustments were billed at major prices, repairmen, in some instances, being paid commissions on the replacement parts they declared needed, and it enabled the companies to keep in close touch with the customers, who responded well when "new" models were offered. Installment plans cushioned the successive blows of fresh purchases.

II

From the beginning, batteries were the most important side-line of the trade. They were consumed rapidly, and their sales brought in large, steady profits. The early hearing aids used three flashlight cells, which were connected in series to produce 4.5 volts, the battery being identical in construction and performance with small radio "C" batteries obtainable anywhere. But the hearing-aid industry introduced a new wrinkle: instead of supplying plugs which would fit the sockets of any "C" battery, they employed non-standard terminals, differing with each aid, which required special sockets and which gave each manufacturer a monopolistic control of his battery business. One well-known manufacturer turned out his own non-standard sockets at a factory cost said to have been \$.015 each. He required his battery maker to buy them from him at \$.13 each, a procedure which allowed him to exact an extra profit on sales to his own dealers, after which the elevated retail price paid dividends to all hands. This practice was copied by other concerns.

One of the writer's experiences in this era was illuminating. Having discovered the virtues of the "C" battery, he contrived an adaptor which enabled him to attach his hearing aid to that inexpensive power source. He used the device with satisfaction, and when a friend, an impecunious clergyman, complained of the high cost of hearing-aid batteries, he made him a similar gadget. The clergyman used it for months — until the traveling salesman through whom he had bought his instrument looked in to inquire why there had been no recent battery orders.

Incautiously, the clergyman explained. The salesman exploded. "That battery," he declared, "produces a current suitable for a radio. Ours produces a current suitable for a hearing aid. If you don't use our batteries, our guarantee is void."

It would be pleasant to record that the minister held his ground and replied that the currents were identical in every respect, but he may have owed money on a partly-paid-for instrument, and a debtor does not talk back to his creditor. He threw away his unused "C" batteries, and at more than three times their price purchased those handled by the salesman.

The adoption of the vacuum-tube, in the days just before World War II, breathed new life into the hearing-aid industry, whose leaders could not anticipate the shocks the future would bring. The first electronic aids were heavier and bulkier than the devices

they supplanted. Heavy batteries, as in the beginning, were stowed in a separate box. A body harness was supplied, and parts of the instrument were festooned here and there on the person of the user. The tubes, borrowed from conventional radios, were large, and the microphones, exposed to body heat and moisture, deteriorated quickly. But prices were jacked up to \$175, \$200 and more, the public continued to buy, and the manufacturers could foresee "new" models galore, stretching indefinitely into the future and promising a never-ending harvest of profits.

The older aids had used but one battery apiece. The vacuum-tubes required separate "A" and "B" currents. The self-sown crop was quickly reaped: new styles of terminals bloomed out in bewildering variety while battery prices rose. And then came the first shock. The War Production Board, taking command when the United States entered the conflict, ordered terminals to be standardized. It was a body-blow which cost the industry a fortune. At once (according to the Dec. 29, 1942 issue of *Victory*, a government publication) 56 types of "A" batteries were reduced to two, and 175 of "B" batteries to four. Non-standard "B" batteries had retailed for \$2.40 each; the same batteries, with standard connections, dropped to \$1.75. This figure has risen less than 10 per cent since in spite of the higher costs of materials and the reduced sales caused by the trend to miniature batteries.

The original electrical aid had passed through its evolutionary stages slowly and profitably. The evolution of the electronic aid was swift, for the radio manufacturers saw in it a new outlet for their own products. If small, light-weight parts, and circuits drawing minimum currents were wanted, they could supply them. They did, and overnight the aid manufacturers ceased largely to be manufacturers: though they tried, they could not make tubes smaller, or better, or cheaper than those produced by Raytheon, which concentrated on them and experimented endlessly to improve them. Crystal microphones, whose use quickly became universal, were a specialty of the Brush Company. And condensers, resistors, transformers, sockets and the like were standard radio parts, needing only to be reduced in size. Even cases and septums (the so-called "chassis") could be bought made to order for less than any small concern could turn them out.

Most of the hearing-aid manufacturers dealt with the situation by immediately becoming assemblers. They bought elsewhere units which they put together, tagged with their names and sold as their own. Ordinarily such a change benefits the public, for when products are substantially identical the buyer learns of it, price wars occur, and the consumer tends to get his money's worth. But purchasers had been led to believe that aids should sell for \$175 and up, and no important firm took the lead in

tinkering with this profitable price level. The industry, except for an ethical minority, quietly pocketed its new savings, and began to worry about the threats offered by the far more progressive radio industry.

III

There was cause for worry. The president of a large radio corporation suffered from defective hearing. He investigated existing aids, and, knowing the costs of their components, was outraged at their prices. In 1943, without more ado, he began to manufacture an entirely new instrument himself. He dismayed his competitors by selling it for \$40, following it with a greatly improved model, in 1944, at \$50. According to *Barron's Weekly*, "the industry rocked." A number of concerns brought out lower-priced models to meet the threat. In the end, however, the threat proved to be not so formidable. The immense publicity given the new product and its appearance everywhere, coincidental with the appearance of devices of every make on young veterans who had been equipped by the Army and the Navy, made all aids more salable by lowering general sales resistance. Business hummed, and even the highest-priced instruments found more buyers than ever.

In passing it may be mentioned that the same radio corporation outraged the canons of the hearing-aid industry by subsequently improving both its models without publicizing the fact. When instruments were sent

in for repair it removed superseded parts and installed better ones at its own expense, a step completely without precedent. It was not until three years more had elapsed that it officially brought out its third model, a single-unit aid with the batteries housed in its amplifier shell. Again it defied precedent by leaving its terminals unchanged: a needy customer might, if he wished, buy only the greatly improved receiver, attaching it to his old amplifier by the cord he already owned. Complete, the new model fetched \$75, and instead of making a nominal allowance and destroying instruments traded in, the company allowed previous buyers to keep them as spares and gave them a \$25 cash rebate.

This time the industry did not "rock." The competing manufacturers, recalling their needless alarm earlier, held their ground. But it is evident that something has rocked, for during 1948 a number of aids similarly priced at less than \$100 have appeared on the market. One old-line manufacturer advertised that he had "considered" pricing his new instrument at \$195, but had finally decided to sell it for \$95. The confession has some interesting implications. Another manufacturer, circularizing possible dealers, remarked:

If there is an instrument on the market for a price of \$100 to the user and another in the same line or carried by the same maker as a super-extra-special-de luxe unit for \$197.50, there definitely could not be even \$1 actual difference in the total cost of the components between these units.

This company, too, is ready to sell for less than \$100 — and there are others, though the dealer problem remains one to be reckoned with. Some years ago one of the more respected manufacturers added a cheaper instrument to his line. He reports:

It was practically as good as our instrument selling for approximately twice the price, but our dealers sold hardly a handful of them. They would advertise the hearing aid priced below \$100, and when the victims came in they would tell them that they should not injure their ears with a cheap hearing aid. They nailed the lower priced aid to the counter.

The last sentence may be a figure of speech, but it is a fact that the manufacturer lost many of his dealers to competitors unhandicapped by ethical scruples.

IV

It is time to pause and consider the actual costs faced by the industry. The following is a typical bill of materials, labor costs excluded, for a first-class aid, to be retailed at any price from \$75 to \$225:

1 receiver.....	\$2.10 to 3.83
1 receiver cord.....	\$.79 to .88
1 microphone.....	\$1.82 to 2.41
3 tubes.....	\$3.81
3 tube sockets.....	\$.36
Condensers and resistors (variable number).....	\$.87 to .97
1 transformer.....	\$1.10
1 tone-control.....	\$.13 to .54
1 volume-control.....	\$.39 to .65
1 chassis-plate.....	\$.17
Miscellaneous wiring, tape, nuts, screws, masking, etc.....	\$.41

1 case (2 to 4 pieces).....	\$.96 to 1.86
1 garment clip.....	\$.15
1 "A" battery, miniature.....	\$.12
1 "B" battery, miniature.....	\$.67
Total (maximum).....	\$17.93

It is believed that the components of no existing aid actually cost even so much; the prices quoted are intentionally liberal, and would be cut materially on even modest orders. Similar units, possibly of lower quality, and with the other parts needed replacing the microphone and the receiver, are assembled into the "pocket radio," retailing generally under \$30, for the hearing aid, essentially, is merely the audio half of a radio plus a microphone. But when radio and hearing-aid owners try to buy precisely the same parts, they encounter price differentials. An excellent receiver is sold for \$25 by some hearing-aid dealers; it is obtainable at \$15 from others; but the identical receiver is also part of the Emerson "Multi-Purpose" radio, and can be bought separately in any radio shop for \$7. It wholesales for \$2.50 to \$3.60, depending on the number ordered at one time.

The newspapers have recently celebrated the advent of the printed circuit, developed by Clelio Brunetti and R. W. Curtis of the National Bureau of Standards. It substitutes silver ink for wiring, carbon ink for resistors, disc-type capacitors for condensers and reduces a radio set to almost incredibly small dimensions.

The circuit will be valuable for

hearing aids, for according to a Bureau article, it will make possible smaller, more rugged instruments at "large reductions in cost. . . . A single operator on a production line could conceivably make thousands of printed circuit plates each day." Two such aids are already on the market, but the cost reductions have not been passed on to the public; they are priced at \$152.50 and \$175, and in the race to achieve the ultimate in miniaturization, both have dispensed with features considered desirable by some conservative acoustic engineers and by many hearing-aid wearers.

In most American light mechanical manufacturing industries a retail price five times the bare cost of materials is held roughly to cover everything, including assembly, inspection and packing, advertising, distribution and selling, management, depreciation and research, and profit. The hearing-aid industry has apparently operated on an 800 to 1000 per cent mark-up. It has been enslaved by an uneconomical distributing system under which middlemen have been lavishly remunerated and sales personnel paid commissions so large they could travel about the country, seeking rural buyers. Moreover there have been the twin bugaboos of "fitting" and service.

V

An audiometer diagram, plotting the least intensities of pure sound heard as the pitch of the sound becomes higher, can be used to picture the hearing losses of most individuals: an

audiogram is a graph showing an individual's ability to hear single pure tones at minimum loudness levels. The disciples of the "fitting" school propose, therefore, to supply each user with an aid corrected, by various means, to fill exactly every valley in his audiogram before elevating the total sound level. The feat is theoretically improbable and practically impossible, and any attempt to perform it requires expensive testing apparatus and much time devoted to each customer; it calls for trained, white-coated personnel, possessing quasi-medical skill; it seems to justify high prices and large profits. Yet the "fitting" theory is scientifically unsound, and was exposed as such in a volume based on painstaking research conducted for the Army and the Navy at the Psycho-Acoustic Laboratory of Harvard University. S. S. Stevens, Director of the Laboratory, states in a preface to this book, *Hearing Aids*:

The simple fact now seems to be that the electro-acoustic properties best suited to one type of hearing loss are those suited to all, or nearly all. Regardless of their particular defect, most patients hear best with an instrument which amplifies all frequencies uniformly, or with moderate emphasis of the higher frequencies.

The introduction and summary of the same work state:

We have disproved the fundamental assumption of the desirability of "selective amplification" based on the characteristics of the patient's audiogram. . . . The "fitting" of hearing aids should be based

primarily on the maximum acoustic gain required by, and the maximum acoustic output acceptable to, the wearer. It should not be based on the relation between the frequency characteristic of the instrument, and the "shape" of the patient's audiogram. Selection of the optimum degree of high-tone emphasis appropriate to the wearer's preferences and to his immediate acoustic environment would be made by an adjustable tone control.

The present writer, who condemned the "fitting" system in print for years before his views received the weighty endorsement of the Harvard Report, had based his conclusions on wide personal experience. He had had expensive instruments "fitted" to his audiogram. Never had they stood comparison with uncorrected aids of the same makes which he selected by trial, and which permitted greater freedom of tone-control. Similar experiences were reported by a jury of seasoned hearing-aid wearers whose opinions he had always sought before venturing to publish. It had been his observation, too, that even firms which heavily underscored the importance of "fitting" had been content to sell many of their customers without pausing for the testing procedure described as indispensable in their advertisements.

Opposed to the "fitting" school are the proponents of what may be christened the "universal" aid. A tone-control manipulated by the wearer varies the characteristics of his instrument to suit both his hearing loss and the nature of the back-

ground noises, to amplify all sounds or to amplify certain frequencies while subordinating others. The setting which is best for an ordinary conversation may not be that which is preferred at the theatre, and neither may agree with what is wanted at a football game; but the user has the choice, and it is his taste that is all-important.

With the "fitting" theory sinking beneath them, some dealers have resorted to argument by analogy. Glasses, they say, are sold by prescription: why not hearing aids? I. J. Hirsh, of the Psycho-Acoustic Laboratory, answered the question in a paper read before the American Hearing Society last January:

I do not know of any eyeglasses made to supply more light to the eye, while the hearing aid's sole function is to supply more sound to the ear. . . . The principles involved in making eyeglasses for defective eyes do not hold at all in making hearing aids for defective ears.

Hallowell Davis, of the Central Institute for the Deaf, in St. Louis, remarks in a valuable symposium (*Hearing and Deafness*) edited by him:

Advertising speaks of "hearing lenses" or of "bifocal" hearing. Any analogies that suggest the precision of optics are definitely misleading, and the advertising claims or suggestions based on them should be greatly discounted.

The reference to "maximum acoustic output" in the Harvard Report, previously quoted, has been variously

interpreted. Some dealers have seized upon it as a warrant to change power-tubes, thus weakening aids to fit mild cases: if the old "fitting" system is to be abandoned, any other which permits similar tinkering can be exploited with equal gain. But while "peak-clipping," which eliminates sounds approaching the blast level, may be factory set, it is the writer's fear that further output limitation involving circuit components may lead to abuses. An advocate and a user of the universal aid, he believes that a reserve of power, cut down as desired by a volume-control, is advantageous; when the hearing impairment is slight, he approves of the installation of a "B" battery of lower voltage, a simple step which allows full power to be restored if desired at a later date. But recalling the misdeeds of so many dealers, he looks with suspicion on a more radical system which invites them to juggle with amplification in a manner which will certainly lead to the unnecessary selling of "new" models.

VI

The complaints of dealers that hearing-aid users demand an inordinate amount of service are well founded; but the dealers themselves encourage unreasonable demands. The commonest dealer's complaint runs something like this: "I had to send a repair man to the country to see Mrs. Jones, who wrote that her new instrument was out of order. He found she had put in a battery wrong end up." Actually, the dealer could have settled

Mrs. Jones' problem over the telephone, by referring her to the printed instructions that come with hearing aids. At the worst a local electrician could have been sent for. "Mrs. Smith said her machine was a joy for two days. Then it stopped working. Our man reported the current had been turned on when she left our office, and she had *never* turned it off. She had exhausted her 'A' battery." She, too, could have been dealt with locally. "Mrs. Robinson stops in once a week to let us test her batteries." It should be possible to explain to the lady that when her instrument loses power, a fresh "A" cell may help, and that if it does not, a new "B" may also be required; but often the dealer prefers not to explain too much, looking forward to the day when the customer will buy a "new" model.

Hearing aids do suffer real ailments. Cords deteriorate, though they can easily be replaced by the user. Tubes and other parts burn or wear out, though it is not unusual for them to give years of uninterrupted service. If the instrument is dropped on the floor, or is broiled in the midday sun, or is carried into the sea by an absent-minded bather, it is obviously not benefited. Then, of course, a visit to the service station for a repair is in order. But the person who is contending with deafness in a mechanically-minded world should be taught to help himself and not become dependent on dealers who complain of "free" service yet do every-

thing they can to cultivate it because in truth it is anything but free.

As these lines are written, movements are afoot in two states to prohibit the sale of hearing aids except through persons who have been examined and licensed. The legislation is backed mainly by two interested groups: middlemen who fear that their profits may vanish, and "hearing-aid advisers" who advise the public to buy only the makes they handle. Though scientific research has condemned the "fitting" system, those who have fattened on it would have it, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, preserved in the statutes.

A final word to the first-time buyer of a hearing aid: In most fields the merit of the product bears some relation to its price; in the hearing-aid field it does not necessarily work that way. Often the higher price is tied not to superior quality but to an inferior marketing system. Such information — it is closely guarded — as has reached the writer indicates that at the factory the wholesale prices of many leading makes are substantially the same. Some instruments are costly when they reach the public because middlemen have tacked on profits and commissions; others sell for less because they have traveled shorter and less expensive paths.

Nevertheless the inexperienced buyer should familiarize himself with what the market offers, and it is wise to ask the American Hearing Society¹ for a list of its chapters, in many key

¹1817 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

cities, at which all aids having AMA approval may be tested and compared. If there is a small fee for this service it is a good investment.

There should always be a full week's trial period. The buyer will, after all, be using the aid during most of his waking hours, and he should make certain at the outset that it is exactly what he wants. Some manufacturers permit protracted trials at their own expense; others do not, insisting that sales are final.

The first-time wearer of a hearing aid will encounter difficulties. Sometimes his own intelligence will enable him to overcome them; often he will need guidance, particularly if his deafness is of long standing and he has unwisely postponed the acquisition of an instrument. Moe Bergman,

Audiologist of the Veterans Administration, New York, writes:

We have devised a course in Auditory Training to hasten the period of readjustment to sound. Statistics show that after such training in the Army and Navy during the war about 92 per cent of all ex-servicemen provided with hearing aids continued to wear them successfully, whereas aids purchased without such training often end up in the bureau drawer. It is important that the purchaser of a hearing aid be forewarned of the difficulties that lie ahead in noisy places such as the motion picture theatre, the restaurant and the factory.

The chapters of the American Hearing Society offer similar training, all of it extremely valuable. The hearing aid is only an aid, and it can function at its best only if it is directed by an alert intelligence.

OUTSIDER

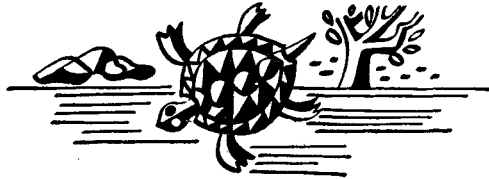
BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

No line of demarcation had been drawn
That could have been observed or overstepped
Between those houses, where the adjacent lawn
Was decorous and beautifully kept.
By subtler means gentility applied
The delicate art of seeming unaware,
Of turning rather gracefully aside
From what could never be accepted there.

Some differences aren't easy to dismiss
Under New England elms. If Salem burned
Its witches once, we had no part in this
Who, scorning such barbarities, have learned
More Christian ways of branding than by flame
The crass intruder with an alien name.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



HOT-WEATHER PIECE

IN THE autumn or the spring or the winter a naturalist is continually being stimulated to think about the implications of the earth-lives he observes. The rush of spring starts large thoughts, it may be, upon the whole huge miracle of createdness. The dwindling and diminishment of autumn may bring a brooding, likely enough, upon the enigmatic fact of death. A roaring January blizzard, and the sight of a snow-fast deer starving in it, may start a chain of somber thinking upon the ancient problem of the pain and evil in the world. All this sort of thinking and writing comes naturally enough in most seasons; and in most seasons readers have a willingness to join and respond.

But there is a season when there should surely be no attempt to think large thoughts, or to take anything very seriously at all. This is the six weeks from mid-July through August. A naturalist looks now upon an earth all dry and dust-whitened and snor-

ing in the sun; and he is not stimulated to try playing philosopher, or to try writing some animal-study as vivid and exact as he can make it. Nor can any reader be expected, in the hot cicada-droning drowse of August, to ponder upon precisions of thought or to give attention to detailed natural history accounts. This is the season for merely stirring a little in the hammock and murmuring: Who cares? This is a time for writers and readers alike to just bake their hides in the sun — not fretting even about sloppy splittings of infinitives, such as has just occurred — and listen to the locusts and smell the hay and fall as frequently as possible asleep. What exactly is the psychology of moles? Let it go, let it go. Precisely what is the economic significance of field-mice, and to what extent does scientific research confirm the creation-tale as told in Genesis? Never mind, never mind. We can resume thinking in the autumn. For now, we will let the universe run itself and not bother it.

So, no formal article this month.

Instead there follows a gathering of odds and ends and bits and snippets concerning some of the odder facts of natural history. They are guaranteed to be unrelated, and to be readable without the slightest effort of the mind. They can be used to start dinner-table conversations, on a low untiring plane, or, best of all, they can be used for falling-asleep-in-the-middle-of. Their significance, it is promised, will be kept to the irreducible minimum.

So, well now, let's see. . . .

Are there any birds that can fly backwards? Yes, there are. Hummingbirds can fly backwards. They use the technique every time they fly deep into the long tube of a flower and then come whizzing back out again.

On ancient Egyptian friezes there is depicted a fish which appears to be swimming upside down. This has caused much amusement to the simple. But the friezes are accurate. There *is* a fish, still common in Egypt, that *does* swim upside down. Furthermore the fish has a dark underside and a pale fishbelly-colored upper-side.

(Hear the long low murmur of the bees and beetles. How hot and good is the sun on our old forever-animal pelts.)

Down in tropical America there is another fish, the anableps, which even the most expert frieze-maker could scarcely undertake to depict. The anableps makes a practice of traveling with the upper part of its head out

of water, so that the water-line comes just to the middle of its eyes. For dealing with this remarkable situation, the anableps has two pupils in each eye. As the fish floats through life, its upper pupils watch the landscape above the water, while its lower pupils, which have a different refractive power, observe what is going on in the watery depths beneath.

(There is a little lisp of cedar waxwings these days. They are our latest nesters, except for goldfinches. Their voice is as small and dry as the rustle of August-baked grass.)

What can come next? Perhaps this: How fast can birds and animals go? Well, sparrows and gulls can make about 35 miles per hour. Swifts and mallards achieve 60 or 70. A stooping falcon touches 80, an eagle in level flight more than 110. The fastest of all the birds are probably duck hawks. Observers in airplanes have clocked them at 180 m.p.h. Had this August hammock-reading been written a few years ago, there could have been included here the stunning statistic that the common deer bot fly can streak through the air at more than 800 miles per hour. The statistic had been in all the textbooks for years, and the deer-fly's flight was held to be one of the great wonders of nature like Mount Vesuvius and the Grand Canyon. Unfortunately, a few years ago, some reasonable-minded scientists decided to check up on it. The speed of the deer bot fly turns out not to be 800, but something more like 28. Checked and stopwatched

speeds of several creatures in Africa, though, are still sufficiently impressive. The ungainly ostrich, all knob-knees and gawk, can hit 35; gazelles 50; and a cheetah (the hunting leopard of Africa and India) can achieve and maintain a mile a minute.

Do tortoises live to be astonishingly old? Yes, they do. A giant tortoise undoubtedly lives for at least two hundred years, probably longer. There is a tortoise still living on Saint Helena (or at least it was still living there five or six years ago, when it was described in a paper by L. R. Brightwell, F.Z.S.) which was known to have been just about the same size when it was a contemporary of the exiled Napoleon. Archbishop Laud, not in most respects a character likely to enlist the interest of a naturalist, owned a tortoise that is supposed to have gone on prowling around the Lambeth Palace grounds for 123 years, and that might possibly still be prowling there if it had not been inadvertently killed by a gardener. Parrots and owls hold the longevity-record for birds. They often reach 75 in good condition.

(Everyone, in August, ought to try lying on the grass. There was a man named Kneipp, a few years ago, who taught that practically all the ailments on earth could be cured if people would just get up very early in the morning and go out barefoot and paddle around in the grass while the dew was still on it. Kneipp has long since disappeared into the cultural mists, along with Professor

Coué and Count Keyserling, and no doubt there was a large silliness in his prescription. Still, there is a kind of health to be had out of contact with grass. Not the cure of physical ailments, perhaps, but the cure of a certain malaise we get in the spirit. It would be most exactly accurate to say that walking barefoot in the grass—or lying on it, or chewing it, or making grass-blade whistles out of it—is excellently restorative of our animal spirits. So is chewing sassafras, or digging holes in the cool damp sea-sand, or diving in a mud-bottomed pasture-pond that smells rankly of cat-tail stalks and bullheads, or doing anything else that would appeal to an otter or a rabbit or a turned-loose horse or a turned-loose small boy. It is too much, no doubt, to expect our graver financiers and clergymen, this month, to stroll barefoot through a dawn meadow; but at least we all can and should lie on the grass. There are eleven other months of the year for deciding about debentures and making up neat packages of thought about what exactly the doctrine of the Holy Trinity may mean. This is August. This is the time for idling the mind and restoring our animal sense.)

Have all readers by now fallen asleep in their hammocks, or on the grass, or on the sand, with the MERCURY lying limp and collapsed upon their chests or faces? Have we yet filled up the space required of us? No? Not quite? Well, it can easily be done.

A house-fly lays a hundred eggs or

better at a time. There are usually not less than nine generations in the season from mid-April to September. The offspring of a single pair of houseflies in that time, if all of them lived, would amount to 335,923,200,000,000 flies. (Should any reader have so failed to succumb to the spell of August as to be studying this print intently, and should such a reader decide that the figure for the final number of houseflies is incorrect, let him or her please not write. This is the time when locust songs are droning away in the fields, and the dusty-gilded goldenrod is simmering under the sun and showing signs of presently blooming; and it is a season for being as relaxed as a toad under a dock-leaf, and not for readers to be writing quibbling letters or for writers to be bothered writing bland replies that blame everything on the typesetter.) The text might just as well jump here to the matter of birds that appear to be blue. Lots of birds appear to be blue. Indigo buntings, for instance, and bluebirds. Well, they aren't blue. The feathers of no birds on earth actually possess any blue pigmentation. Birds' feathers have red pigment, yes; yellow pigment, yes; and browns. But no blue at all. What makes them *look* blue is that the feathers are coated with a transparent colorless layer,

only 8/1000ths of an inch thick, which breaks up the rays of light. When refraction occurs, the bird appears blue. (Any reader questioning *this* oddity of nature may address himself directly to the Professor of Ornithology at Cornell, who stands firmly as authority for its accuracy.) There is perhaps room for a word about fleas. If a man could jump as far into the air, proportionately to the length of his body, as a flea can, he could make a hop about 570 feet high.

There. The thing is done. If any fact of major significance has been presented, it has been unintentionally. If the mind has been stirred to thought, it has been by mistake. This is no time of year for significant thinking. There are too many good, sluggish, indolent things to do . . . things that can be done while lying flat on the grass. Things like seeing the cardinal flowers bloom, and seeing elderberries and choke cherries come ripe, and smelling the sunny-dusty smell of things, and falling into drowse. To everyone, now in August: A finely idle, salamander-lazy time to you, growing animal-wise.

The attempt to introduce ordered thought into this department will be resumed one month from now.



THE STATE OF WISCONSIN

BY CHET VONIER

IN THE national mind, Wisconsin is noted chiefly for its output of beer, cheese and liberalism. It is still doing a vigorous trade in the first two items, but it is practically out of business in the third.

It begins its second century of statehood in 1948 in a condition of satisfied conservatism. Its liberal era came to a definite end when the younger Bob La Follette was defeated in the senatorial primaries by a slick young glad-hander, Joseph R. McCarthy, lately returned from the war as a captain of Marines. Another La Follette, Phil, the brother of Bob and a former governor, allied himself with the arch-reactionaries pushing General Douglas MacArthur for the Republican nomination for President. No important state office is now held by any of the men who were identified with the Progressive movement which once gave character to Wisconsin's government.

The change is not difficult to account for. The elder La Follette's progressivism had none of the hog-wild state socialism of the later Non-partisan League, or the evangelism

of the Free Silver Movement or of Populism. Its principles represented the basic conservatism of the people of Wisconsin. They were concerned with the regulation of monopolies, but never dreamed of confiscation or expropriation. The Anglo-Saxon, German and Scandinavian stocks which constitute the state's population have a strong sense of property rights and an exceptionally high regard for individual liberty.

The La Follette idea bloomed when there was a great need for protection of the people from the unrestrained rapacities of corporations. The elder La Follette proposed orderly restraints and a more equitable distribution of tax burdens. Wisconsin had a commission to regulate utility rates and an income tax law before the Federal government inaugurated them.

The last few years have been singularly unfruitful in forward legislation. The only notable achievement of the last two legislatures was the passage two years ago of a state labor law, many of whose features, such as prohibition of secondary boycotts,

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were incorporated in the Taft-Hartley Act.

Lobbies and pressure groups have become increasingly powerful. The highway lobby alone has succeeded in tying up one quarter of the state's entire income. In Michigan, similar tactics have resulted in the earmarking of 40 per cent of the state's income, with the result that Michigan is unable to meet ordinary expenses out of general revenue and unable to touch the swollen segregated funds.

The 1947 session of the Wisconsin legislature voted to segregate its \$60 million of income from gasoline taxes and automobile licenses, earmarked for highway purposes alone. The belated objections of the harsh, rugged and fearless old man then in the governor's chair, Walter S. Goodland, were insufficient to overcome the might of the highway lobby, and the segregation bill was passed over his veto. The governor died in office during the legislative session, and was succeeded by a business man and a political unknown, Oscar M. Rennebohm, whose main concern thus far seems to be to get along with everybody.

That legislature did display some sensitivity to criticisms of its chumminess with lobbyists. The lower house passed a bill which would have required any newspaperman who charged or implied, directly or indirectly, that any legislator had received bribes to influence legislation, or had been the recipient of unlawful lobbying expenditures, to reveal the

source of his information. When newspapers throughout the state clamored their protests, the assembly recalled it from the senate and hastily killed it. The same legislature smothered another bill which would have required its members to report the receipt of any gift or entertainment from a lobbyist.

As in many other states, there is a vast disproportion in the legislative strength of the cities and the rural areas. The state constitution provides for decennial redistricting on the basis of the national census, but the legislature has stolidly ignored that obligation for many years and gives every indication of intending to continue doing so.

II

Until the first world war, the state's economy was largely agricultural and the farm population exceeded that of the cities. Then the population shifted to the urban centers, while the farms refused to relinquish their legislative power.

Indeed, the southern half of the state is still idyllically pastoral. It is here that the fat dairy cattle browse on gentle hills, and here that Wisconsin manufactures its celebrated cheese. Wisconsin is proud and jealous of its dairy industry. The ebullient Julius Heil as governor caused to be stamped upon all automobile license plates the legend "America's Dairyland," thus making every car in the state a moving billboard. Its jealousy is reflected in the almost prohibitive tax on oleo-

margarine. Admittedly, the 15-cents-a-pound tax is designed to suppress its competition with butter. It is a tariff in intent and in effect, and in spite of constitutional prohibition of interstate tariffs, the tax still stands.

The state's cheese is worthy of its pride. Its cheddar is one of the famous cheeses of the nation. It also makes a delectable Swiss, as good as any that ever came off an Alp; a Roquefort type known as "Blue" cheese which will delight any gourmet. There is an excellent Parmesan, rock hard in the wheel and as light and flaky as fresh snow when grated. The state also produces a fine, pale cheese, as nearly a native cheese as any in the country, known as brick.

A happy companion of Wisconsin's cheese is its beer. Milwaukee still earns its brewing fame. Schlitz, Pabst, Blatz and Miller are widely advertised and consumed, but the state has at least three other superior brews. Fox-head at Waukesha makes an excellent strong beer and a fine ale; Heilemann at La Crosse and Van Merritt at Burlington produce superb beers, the latter the equal of any in the nation.

Wisconsin has none of the flat sameness of other prairie states. The land swells charmingly in low, gentle hills, cut by smooth, quiet rivers, polka-dotted with small placid lakes where the claws of the great glacier dug into the earth and stopped.

Its northern half is the less fortunate area. It is a betrayed and barren land, much of it veritable desert,

ankle deep in sand, bearing slight stands of birches, poplar and jack pine. Here in a generation, the axe and saw of the lumberman stripped the land naked, leaving the top soil to be washed into the rivers. Many of these northern Wisconsin farms have been classed as submarginal. In some of these northern counties as much as one half or two thirds of their area have become Federal forests or been converted into recreational areas, closed to farming.

Not all of northern Wisconsin is sterile, however. There are fertile oases where the earth has fortunately escaped the wholesale violation. Its lakes have huge muskellunge, wall-eyed pike and northerns. There are deer and bear in the second growth wilderness.

The state has a population of diverse national elements. Much of the southern shore fronting Lake Michigan is peopled with German stock which began its migration after the revolution of 1848. This explains much of Wisconsin's early liberalism, for the Germans who first came were the intellectual exiles that had taken part in the revolt of German scholars. Carl Schurz was one of these. Later the Scandinavians scattered through the state, Danes settling around Racine, Swedes and Norwegians going further west. There are tiny islands of Luxemburgers, Belgians, Dutch and Swiss. In the north, Finns came to work in the iron mines and stayed to wrestle with the vitiated soil.

Spreading from the upper penin-

sula of Michigan to Green Bay, French names are common, stemming from the Canadian voyageurs who first came to the state as trappers and later as lumbermen. The Swiss went to Green county in the south-central area and began to make cheese expertly and industriously. Once every year they bring out their great Alpine horns, whet their falsettos for yodeling contests, nock their bows and reenact the William Tell legend, apple and all.

In a sense, the state revolves around Milwaukee. The city has spots of unusual beauty. In the last three decades, it has reclaimed nearly all the shoreline of Lake Michigan from private owners and made it into parks and recreation spots. The city is ringed with a series of parks, many of them with fine public golf courses. This is the work of one man, Charles B. Whitnall. For most of his 89 years, Whitnall has worked to bring his dreams of a great city into being. He is still making plans. He has a fifty-year project for decentralization, "to enable our people to live in harmony with the laws of nature," and he is impatient with the slowness of its realization.

For more than twenty years, Milwaukee had a Socialist for mayor, gaunt, rustic-looking Daniel W. Hoan. He was one of the most famous administrators and experts on municipal government in the nation. In 1940, however, the voters were bedazzled by a handsome, blond young former fifth assistant city attorney, who

shook every hand he could reach and sang *God Bless America* in a clear tenor voice. The electorate decided these attributes were more to be desired in a mayor than sound knowledge of city government. Carl Zeidler, the glamor mayor, continued to sparkle for two years, then took a leave of absence to serve in the Navy. He was lost aboard a munitions ship off the coast of South America. His brother, Frank, also a Socialist, is the present mayor. He is able, but not a Hoan.

Milwaukee has always been proud of its status as the only debt-free large city in America. Long ago, under the Hoan administration, it was committed to a pay-as-you-go policy. In a sudden reversal a year ago, the citizens voted to authorize a bond issue for modernization. The city is far behind on traffic control, in housing and in modern highways through the city. Its slums are spreading. What housing has been built since the war is outrageously priced and far from adequate to the needs. Almost no multiple housing units have gone up.

The two great national elements in Milwaukee are the Germans and the Poles. A large part of the south side of the city is of Polish stock. In spite of this, there is a distinct German patina over the city's culture. The best restaurants offer lusty German cuisine: sauerbraten, wienerschnitzel, pigs knuckles and sauerkraut, stuffed goose and potato pancakes. Until the first World War, German was taught in all grades of the public schools, and the teaching was based on the premise

that the pupil already spoke German. In many parochial and private schools, the instruction was almost entirely in German. In some sections of the city, *Zahnarzt* still appears on the windows of a dentist's office and *Advokat* on a lawyer's.

Milwaukee has undoubtedly the most wretched patois west of Brooklyn. It is compounded of literal translations of German idiom, plus some obscure additions by the natives themselves. Such a one is "enna," a corruption of the barbarous "ain't it." Like the German *nicht wahr* it is tacked on the end of a statement to make it a question: "You are going by Johnny's tomorrow, enna?" which, translated, is, "Will you be at Johnny's home tomorrow?" "By" is substituted for "to" or "at." Another favorite locution is "down by Mitchell Street and two blocks yet," meaning "two blocks beyond Mitchell Street." It is delivered in a curious, flat diction.

III

Wisconsin's contribution to the arts has been relatively small. Zona Gale and Hamlin Garland are its two great names, now almost forgotten among contemporary readers. Edna Ferber worked on newspapers in Appleton and Milwaukee before she began her prolific career in fiction. Today, August Derleth is perhaps the best-known of Wisconsin writers. Besides turning out a tremendous volume of his own writings, he operates three publishing houses in Sauk City.

The state's one authentic genius is

Frank Lloyd Wright, who has not been called upon to design one public building in the state, though his magic is manifest elsewhere through the world. In the graphic arts, Wisconsin has Georgia O'Keefe, Paul Clemens, Garrett Sinclair and Karl Priebe. The latter is a young artist, one of the new school of fantacists. For several years before his death, John Steuart Curry was artist in residence at the University of Wisconsin.

The state's gifts to the cinema have been more lavish. Among the natives now enthraling the movie-goers are Fredric March, Fred MacMurray, Don Ameche, Pat O'Brien, Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson and Carole Landis. Alfred Lunt and Lenore Ulric are on the stage.

For many years, the University of Wisconsin was one of the great institutions of learning in the country. It had such giants as John R. Commons, Richard Ely, Joseph Jastrow, Thorstein Veblen and Lloyd K. Garrison. Alexander Meiklejohn, drummed out of the presidency of Amherst for his heresies, found haven at Wisconsin; he is now professor emeritus of philosophy. Wisconsin's college of agriculture had Stephen Babcock, whose work on butterfat tests and Vitamin A added millions of dollars to the state's dairy income. Steenbock isolated Vitamin D, and for many years, until an adverse Supreme Court ruling wiped out the monopoly, the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation drew millions of dollars in royalties from Vitamin D users.

The state has three newspapers of consequence. The largest by far is the *Milwaukee Journal*. It is an extremely well-edited journal, whose news presentation is for the most part objective and well written. Its policies are independent and moderately liberal. It also has a tremendously high opinion of itself and is inclined to smugness. It has a tendency, at times, to be fussy and Puritanical. It has kept out the Newspaper Guild by meeting every increase granted under Guild contracts elsewhere in the city, and by inaugurating a system of employee stock ownership.

The other Milwaukee newspaper, the *Sentinel*, is eleven years older than the state itself. For the last twenty years it has been a Hearst property. For part of that time it was under lease to Paul Block, but about ten years ago that lease was rescinded and the paper went back to the Hearst chain. The paper has shown a surprising vigor and has survived several attempts to kill it off.

The *Capitol Times* in Madison is a lively, belligerent journal. Its editor, William T. Evjue, generally manages to keep several quarrels going at the same time. He is a liberal in the tradition of the elder La Follette, although he broke with the La Follette sons on the war issues and vigorously fought with Phil La Follette when that shrewd and brilliant brother of the senator was governor. Evjue was strongly pro-New Deal from the beginning of its power and criticized Bob La Follette for rejoining the

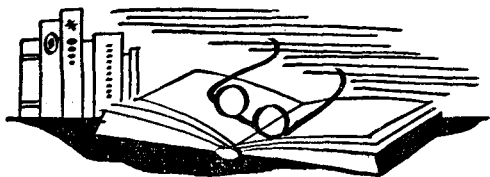
Republicans in the last election, after he had broken away and campaigned as a Progressive six years before.

Wisconsin's weather is as contradictory as its politics. Its winters are long and rigorous. One lonely spot in northern Wisconsin last winter recorded a temperature of 54 below zero. In many years, snow lies on the ground until May. Spring in the state is a mere attenuation of winter; it is chilly, rainy and only occasionally holds out a specious promise of warmth. Snow in April is common, there have been hard storms as late as May and many of the worst blizzards have occurred after the vernal equinox. Most of Wisconsin's warmth is packed in the two blistering mid-summer months.

As a compensation, Wisconsin is given autumns of rare loveliness. Trees flare in red and gold deep into October. Sumacs build their fires beside the highway. Summer leaves a touch of warmth upon the days, and the state is in its most gracious mood.

Wisconsin is now in a period of transition. Its climatic extremes will presumably be with it for a long time to come, but some day soon it will have to take a stand on the political and social extremes which divide the state. The gap between the Republican Old Guard and the Socialists will somehow have to be bridged. If the state succeeds in doing this, there is no reason why it cannot become in truth something close to the idyllic paradise its Chambers of Commerce have been talking about for so long.

THE LIBRARY



MR. TRUMAN

by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE career of Harry S. Truman is a success-story that could have happened only in the United States of America. Indeed, there are persons who believe that it should not have been allowed to happen even here. But, whatever we may think on that score, it cannot be denied that the Truman biography displays a number of the standard virtues that are always being pressed upon our children: among them, patience, persistence, modesty, obedience, discretion and loyalty. It also proves beyond all reasonable doubt that there is a startling, even a frightening, amount of truth in the familiar saying that any native-born male — yes, any — may grow up to be President of the United States. The achievement of Harry Truman who, by steady devotion to the game of follow-the-leader, one day found himself at the head of the whole national procession, should be an inspiration to all American boys, whatever their natural endowments or their educational advan-

tages. The mere presence of Mr. Truman in the White House gives the lie direct to all those gloomy folk who would try to persuade us that the American dream is dead.

The tale of how he arrived in the White House and what he has done after getting there, or as much of the tale as really matters, may be read in three recently published books: *Tom's Boy Harry* [\$3, Hawthorn Publishing Co.] by Gene Powell; Maurice M. Milligan's *The Inside Story of the Pendergast Machine by the Man Who Smashed It* [\$3.50, Scribner's]; and *Harry Truman, President* [\$3, Whittlesey House] by Frank McNaughton and Walter Hehmeyer. These books are not models of composition. Their several styles are often questionable, their construction is frequently sloppy, their grammar sometimes lax; but what they have to say is important. They give the facts of Mr. Truman's political career, and these facts deserve careful consideration at a time when the man they explain is campaigning furiously to continue in an office to which he did not aspire, and for which he once thought and declared himself to be unworthy.

Mr. Milligan, of course, is chiefly concerned with the Pendergast machine, which he smashed but did not destroy when, as United States Attorney for Western Missouri, he sent Tom Pendergast and many of his followers to prison in 1938 and 1939. He is concerned with our present President only because this Chief Executive was for so long an active worker in the notorious Kansas City organization, and has remained a faithful dues-paying member and officer of it. But, for anyone who would understand Mr. Truman's political education, philosophy and history, his connection with the Pendergasts must be understood. To put it as simply as possible: Harry Truman, politician, was a creation of Tom Pendergast, boss. So Mr. Milligan's book is a useful document for our purposes. In company with Mr. Powell's, it tells a story which is taken up and continued by Messrs. McNaughton and Hehmyer.

It all began in Kansas City, Missouri, back in 1922, when Harry Truman, at the comparatively ripe age of 38, was jobless and in debt. Behind him was an honorable war-time record as an artillery officer, but the qualities which had enabled him to function successfully within a military machine did not seem to be paying off in peacetime. On his own, without leadership and discipline, he appeared doomed to remain an obscure drifter and failure. Before the war he had worked unsuccessfully as a timekeeper, a bank clerk and a

farmer on his mother's farm. After the war he had sunk borrowed money in a small haberdashery business, and lost the money when the business failed. His name, along with that of his former partner, was now signed to a note which acknowledged an indebtedness of \$6800. Twenty years later, according to Mr. Powell, when interest and court costs had doubled the debt, he was to settle the account for \$1000. But, at the moment, he could not foresee this happy upshot.

Life looked black. What could he try his hand at next? Surveying the Kansas City scene, his eyes fastened on the conspicuous prosperity of the Jackson County Democratic Club, agency of Tom Pendergast's political power. Perhaps politics might finally provide a livelihood for a man, getting on towards middle age, who had explored other fields and failed. Perhaps the Pendergasts, with whose faction he had regularly voted, and for whom he had performed small services, would give him a job. Those virtues of patience and persistence, you see, were at work. Harry Truman's business record was a sorry one, but he was still in there pitching. And hadn't he heard it said somewhere that a good man is down, but never out? He went to see Tom Pendergast. It was the inspiration of a lifetime. It was more than that: it was an action gravid with history.

We are told that a tendency to hero-worship was always characteristic of Truman, and the record makes it plain that he found in Tom a hero

whom he could admire almost without reservation. The big Irishman's rise to eminence, from the West Bottoms of Kansas City, was a heroic story of effort and achievement. Of course, he had had his elder brother's shoulders to stand on, but how magnificently had he realized his advantage! And his modesty — ah, that too was a model and a lesson. Joe Shannon, his political rival, might hire sound trucks and minstrels, and tour the state like a medicine man; but such monkeyshines were not for Harry's hero. As Mr. Milligan puts it: "This type of showmanship never appealed to Tom Pendergast. It was much easier to get votes by the simple expedient of padding the registration lists with names copied from tombstones and other ghostly records."

And, if the modesty of this masterful man was a lesson in conduct, there can be little doubt that the workings of his powerful mind must have been highly stimulating to those who came in contact with him. Only a philosopher of parts could have arrived, as he did, at the profound maxim: "There are always three sides to any question — your side, my side and the right side."

II

The big boss was a shrewd judge of men, as every political boss has to be, and we may assume that he recognized in Truman qualities which he knew to be valuable in the practical business of machine politics. Otherwise he would never have picked him out of

the crowd. The Pendergast organization was already a stench in the nostrils of Kansas City's better citizens, and Tom did not wish the odor of his success to become any more offensive. To carry on his profitable business as inoffensively as possible, he required lieutenants who would be strictly honest in their dealings with him, and at the same time discreet with tight-lipped discretion; men who accepted without question his principles of political conduct; men who were content to follow, who would not suddenly become victims of personal ambition. Perhaps, more than any other single word, the word loyalty summed up the boss' needs. Too much intelligence, too much imagination, too much ambition, too much curiosity on the part of comparatively squeamish lieutenants regarding the darker sides of machine politics — all these might prove dangerous liabilities. But of loyalty there could never be too much. Tom Pendergast found it, concentrated as if in one huge golden nugget, in the person of Harry Truman.

As Senator, as Vice-President and as President, Tom's protégé never forgot the man and men to whom he owed everything. In 1944 he boasted in a campaign speech: "I am a Jackson County organization Democrat and proud of it. That is the way I got to be a county judge, a senator and the candidate for Vice-President." Years earlier, when Milligan had won the gratitude of most of Missouri's decent citizens by exposing the shameless

vote frauds of the Pendergast organization, Senator Truman contemptuously declared that it looked to him as if the attorney were "trying to put the whole Democratic party in jail." When Milligan's reappointment — while his work was still unfinished and more of the Pendergast crowd were threatened by the law — came up before the Senate on February 15, 1938, Truman said: "I have never thought and do not now think that Mr. Milligan is qualified for the position of district attorney for the Western District of Missouri. . . . His moral and political thinking never appealed to me." And he drove his argument home by asserting: "A Jackson county Democrat has as much chance at a fair trial in the Federal court at Kansas City as a Jew would have in a Hitler court or a Trotsky follower before Stalin." In his indignation, the devoted machine worker ignored the fact that the grand jury which he was blasting consisted of seventeen Democrats and only five Republicans. Has there ever been a more beautiful example of the blindness of love?

The example continued, and still does. When Tom Pendergast died in January 1945, the Vice-President of the United States flew to Kansas City in an Army bomber, and walked in the funeral procession of his disgraced benefactor, whose sins were heavy upon him and now known to all the world. Many citizens failed to appreciate the nobility of this action on the part of the man who stood

only one step below the highest office in the land; but they hoped that the act was conclusive, at least, that it marked the end of Mr. Truman's career as a faithful machine worker and officer. The hopeful were disappointed. As Mr. Milligan puts it: "Vice-President Truman simply transferred his devotion and allegiance to James M. Pendergast, a nephew of the boss and heir to the Pendergast political dynasty. There was nothing secret about this continued affiliation with the machine. It was a tacit acceptance of the theory of boss rule."

In December 1945 a letter went out from the White House, containing a check for six dollars in payment of the President's dues as a member of the Jackson Democratic Club, and expressing to Jim Pendergast the pious hope that "the outfit is still going good." As a matter of fact, it was not going so good just then; but it was destined to go better — much better. Life was to be breathed into it from Washington, and, best of all, it was going to be given a job to do. There is nothing like work to inspire those who are used to it. So, when President Truman "persuaded" Jim Pendergast to engineer the defeat of Congressman Slaughter, in the Kansas City Democratic primary election of 1946, the old organization went vigorously into action. Indeed, it seemed to some critical observers that the zealous Pendergast "Goats" overdid it. Mr. Powell describes their enthusiastic methods.

All through this campaign Harry's boys, who formerly were Tom's boys, continued their work to insure the new boss against a defeat. The political grave robbers got busy. The tricks used by Tom in the days when he was giving his boy Harry his start in politics were dusted off. The handling of votes at the polls similar to the way the votes were handled when Harry was nominated for the United States Senate were [*sic*] carefully rehearsed. There was little talk or bragging among the workers. They knew that talk was cheap, but that it took ballots to win an election; ballots that were counted for Harry's man.

Mr. Slaughter was defeated. Fraud on a large scale was charged, and proved by investigators for the *Kansas City Star*. Federal action was demanded, but Mr. Truman's Attorney-General could find no grounds on which to move. A Jackson County grand jury reported: "It is our belief that Roger C. Slaughter in this race . . . was deprived of the nomination by a fraudulent miscount of votes and by other types of fraud." The Senate bestirred itself, and was in the midst of its own investigation when word came that some person or persons unknown had blown the safe in the Kansas City election commission's office, and stolen the evidence on which the grand jury had based its findings.

III

Interesting? Yes. But in following this fascinating record of loyalty, which may one day become a classic, we have jumped ahead in our story. Now we must retrace our steps.

Looking around for a spot in which

Harry Truman could most successfully serve the voters of Jackson County, Tom Pendergast fixed on the County Court. With Tom's backing, in 1922, when the records show that the machine had from sixty to eighty thousand "ghost" votes at its command, Truman was elected to an associate judgeship in this Court. Swept out of office by the Coolidge landslide of 1924, he was back in 1926 as presiding judge of the same Court, a position which he held for two four-year terms. But how could he do this without legal training? Let Mr. Milligan make matters clear.

This term "Judge" needs a bit of explaining. The judges of the County Court in Jackson County were not judges in the real sense of the term. The County Court has no judicial functions but is simply a County commission, and the so-called judges are nothing more than commissioners. The County Court is an important part of the political system because it has so much patronage at its disposal and because it is in charge and control of expenditures in the building of the County's roads and highways, as well as the erection and maintenance of all buildings constructed by the County. Its patronage includes jobs from road overseers to highway engineers, from elevator operators to superintendents of County buildings and institutions. The County Court has authority over the letting of all County contracts; it fixes the tax levies for County purposes and has the management and control of all charitable institutions operated by the County. From a political standpoint the County Court was Jackson County's most powerful agency. It was to Pendergast's advantage to have friendly judges in this contract-letting body. He had concrete to sell.

Yes, Tom had concrete to sell for paved roads and buildings. He also had oil to sell for oiled roads, and the companies in which he was secretly interested had all manner of contracting and construction services to offer. He was, indeed, in a peculiarly happy position at a time when Kansas City and Jackson County were engaged in carrying out a vast plan of road building and other building of many kinds. When it came to roads, Judge Truman proved himself a veritable Roman. "Only the road system in New York's famed Westchester County," writes Mr. Powell, "can match the Jackson County highways threading into Kansas City." The spending of \$20 million was authorized for roads and public buildings during the Truman terms of office, while the total county expenditures during the same period amounted to more than \$60 million.

Fortunately, as Mr. Truman explained later, "the Pendergast products were as good as any other and just as cheap." This obviated embarrassment on the part of judicial members of the machine who were concerned with awarding contracts, and made the work of building inspectors delightfully easy. Wherever county construction went, Tom Pendergast's Ready-Mixed Concrete was sure to go. His competitors' products were simply inferior; that was all there was to it. An inspector had only to chip off a rival piece of concrete to discover that it "did not meet specifications," and would have to be discarded in

favor of sound material. This is precisely what county inspectors did whenever the occasion arose.

IV

On the whole, these must have been happy years for Judge Truman. The machine to which he belonged was working with well-oiled precision, and its master was reaching out to increase his hold over state politics. It was too bad, of course, that Jackson County should find itself in so serious a financial fix after seven years of Truman fiscal management. It was hard to announce that county salaries would have to be cut 50 per cent. And it must have been embarrassing to a man of unquestioned honesty to have to acknowledge gangster Johnny Lazia as an important fellow club-member. It could not have been pleasant for the Judge to reflect on the fact that organized vice was regularly feeding money and power into his beloved machine. But perhaps he was sensible enough not to reflect. (Certainly Lazia's connection with the "Union Station Massacre" did not bear thinking about for a minute.) After all, nothing in this world is perfect, and nothing is free. Even a Pendergast has to accept a Lazia, whether he likes it or not. One must be philosophical.

Yes, on the whole those years were good and happy, but they could not last forever. Two terms as presiding judge were all that Harry Truman could claim by custom, however satisfactory his tenure of office. Other

machine stalwarts were waiting for their rewards: he had to make a change. The post he wanted was that of county collector, with its fat fees amounting to between \$25,000 and \$35,000 a year; but this plum was already promised, and the big boss had to tell Truman apologetically that the best he could do was to make him a United States Senator.

This was a tall promise, even for Pendergast, because few of the organization captains could believe that the dapper county judge was senatorial timber. It would be the toughest of tough jobs to put him over. Tom, however, had an old score to pay off. He was determined to show Bennett C. Clark that he, Tom Pendergast, could "name just any man and beat Clark's candidate"; and how could he demonstrate this fact more impressively than by backing, nominating, and electing someone like Harry Truman? In the face of Missouri's startled incredulity, Tom pulled it off. His candidate — Truman was actually his third choice — was nominated in a primary which investigation soon showed to be based on thoroughly corrupt registration rolls. (The registering of some persons ten, twenty or thirty times was only one strand of a tangled skein.) After that it was easy sailing, because a Democratic nomination in Missouri was then an almost certain guarantee of election. "Tom had his triumph and Harry had his job — both with the help of about 85,000 voting dead men and women and vacant lots.

Since his arrival in Washington Mr. Truman's actions have been exposed to a light that never beat upon them when they were confined to the Jackson County Court. His deeds have been plain to see, although they have not always been perfectly understood by observers unfamiliar with the details of his political history. We have noted that, as senator and Vice-President, he remained faithful to the machine that made him; and that, as President, he still hoped the old outfit was going good. But, valuable as this loyalty may have been to the Kansas City crowd, it is probable that he was proving more valuable to his country when he headed the committee which investigated the letting of war contracts. Here he was on ground that must have seemed as familiar as home itself, and it appears that his job was a good one, although the extent of its benefits is still obscured by argument and lack of precise information. In any event, we may be sure that it is to this work, or none, that Mr. Truman may point as having justified his elevation to the Senate chamber.

When he was given the Vice-Presidential nomination, as a result of one of the most remarkable political decisions in our history, there was laughter in the land. But no one laughed when Harry Truman found himself forced to take up an almost unbearable burden of responsibility, in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty. Then the hearts and prayers of the nation were with him, as he went

forward humbly and bravely to attempt as best he could a task for which he was so obviously unfitted. A nation which had been bitterly divided but a few hours before was now, at least briefly, united behind the small, grave man from Missouri. It was a moment of tremendous national power — but it was only a moment.

What came of it all has filled the newspapers for three years, and may be reviewed in the book by Frank McNaughton and Walter Hehmeyer. These authors have written with sympathy for Mr. Truman's unfortunate predicament, and they have praised him whenever praise was possible; but the best will in the world has not enabled them to increase their subject's visible stature by an inch.

He was bound to blunder, of course. But that he should blunder so seriously and so often, and even so foolishly, was hardly to be foreseen. Or perhaps it should have been. Nor was it to be predicted that, in the course

of his blundering, he would put aside humility in favor of pride and petulance; that the inveterate follower would develop a sudden lust for the power of leadership; that the man who had once so dreaded the Presidential office should now be so loath to let it go. Or perhaps it could have been. After all, there must be fiery grog within the Presidential cup — grog fatal to all but the strongest heads. So how can one blame Mr. Truman?

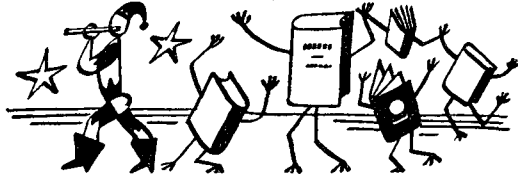
It is, indeed, a most amazing story; a tale over which to brood with long, long thoughts. That one of the best systems of government ever devised by the mind of man should make it possible for Harry S. Truman to become the most influential citizen of the greatest nation in the world, during years of the world's most fearful crisis, is an eventuality seemingly beyond the range of reason. Perhaps it is meant to make us humble, as regards the mind of man.

PHRASE ORIGINS—35

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU: The meaning of this toast, offered by one drinker facing another, would seem to be obvious. Down in Williamsburg, Virginia, the caretaker of the reconstructed scullery of the governor's palace offers a story of its origin which may or may not be authentic. The Negro woman who now shows visitors utensils of Colonial Virginia holds up a drinking vessel of metal with a glass bottom. According to her, after the drinkers had finished they looked at each other through the glasses and said, "Here's looking at you." In this context, the toast would mean, "Let's drain the glasses to the last drop."

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE CHECK LIST



HISTORY

THE SECOND WORLD WAR. THE GATHERING STORM, by Winston S. Churchill. \$6.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. This is the first in a projected four- (or perhaps five-) volume history of World War II by the man who played so important a part in it as head of the British government for more than five years. Mr. Churchill does not call his work "history, for that belongs to another generation. But I claim with confidence that it is a contribution to history which will be of service to the future." He divides the present volume into two books. Book One, entitled "From War to War," offers a survey of European history from 1919 down to the opening of the second world war. Mr. Churchill rehearses, with pardonable relish, his excellent record of condemnation of the follies of disarmament and "leniency" to Germany that were practiced by the "enlightened and liberal" Western statesmen of those days, and he draws brilliant portraits of such men as Lloyd George, Baldwin and Chamberlain, with his eye constantly upon major issues but always mindful of "the very small accidents upon which the fortunes of mankind turn." He deals mercilessly with the almost incredible obtuseness behind Chamberlain's "sad piece of paper," which was to bring "peace in our time."

Book Two, entitled "The Twilight War," begins with the attack on Poland on September 1, 1939 and ends with Mr. Churchill's accession to the Prime Ministership on May 10, 1940. It takes in his period as First Lord of the Admiralty, the Norwegian fiasco, the early struggles with the German submarine, Hitler's first peace suggestions, the *Graf Spee* battle, and Chamberlain's banishment from Downing Street.

General readers may find large sections of Book Two difficult going, because of the mass of technical military analysis, but few will fail to be captivated by the masterly marshaling of the facts in Book One, which reads like a Greek tragedy on a global scale. Mr. Churchill makes out a strong case that World War II was pretty much an "Unnecessary War," and his indictment of the entire democratic world of those days is staggering in its catastrophic truth.

Mr. Churchill's mastery of the English language need hardly be commented upon. It is in his characterizations of his contemporaries that he probably shines most. A fair and wonderful sample is what he does with Molotov, "a man of outstanding ability and cold-blooded ruthlessness. His cannon-ball head, black mustache, and comprehending eyes, his slab face, his verbal adroitness and imperturbable demeanor, were appropriate manifestations of his qualities and skill. . . . I have never seen a human being who more perfectly represented the modern conception of a robot. . . . One delicate, searching, awkward interview after another was conducted with perfect poise, impenetrable purpose, and bland, official correctitude. Never a chink was opened. Never a needless jar was made. His smile of Siberian winter, his carefully measured and often wise words, his affable demeanor, combined to make him the perfect agent of Soviet policy in a deadly world."

Unfortunately, Churchill's style is not always up to this level. At times he is more pompous than eloquent, and occasionally, alas, he is wordy and a bit tedious. His history is not always thorough and accurate. He seems to have been taken in by the official Soviet version of the military and political purges in 1936-38; he calls them

"merciless, but perhaps not needless." His view of the rôle of Russia in the Munich mess also tends to give the Kremlin more credit than considerable evidence (apparently ignored or not examined by Mr. Churchill) shows. Britain and France certainly covered themselves with shame at the time, but Russia was not too anxious to help a "Slav brother." Finally, Mr. Churchill presents himself in an almost uniformly good light. One hopes that some day soon he will have the stature to admit that he was not always offended by Mussolini or Italian fascism. On at least one occasion he said that if he were an Italian he would proudly wear a black shirt.

These and similar matters, of course, do not detract from the immense importance of the book, or make it less exciting reading. Of all the major statesmen of World War II he alone has a genuine feeling for words and a sense of the drama of events. His faults — which will probably reveal themselves even more in succeeding volumes in this series, as he comes closer to a consideration of the foundation laid for the post-war world — are the faults, not of a pismire, but of a man of stupendous size.

PRESIDENTIAL SWEEPSTAKES, by Henry Luther Stoddard. \$3.00. *Putnam*. This posthumous book by the veteran political reporter was not quite finished by him, and has been edited for the press by Francis W. Leary. It is an informal and chatty survey of political conventions from the beginning, with special attention to the many that Mr. Stoddard attended. His acquaintance with political personages and knowledge of political affairs went back to 1885, when he "covered" General Grant's last illness. There is nothing startling in the book, but there are several unfamiliar facts in it, as, for example, that in 1924 "Coolidge actually ran behind the combined totals of Democrats and Progressives in 27 states with 248 electoral votes," and that Franklin D. Roosevelt was the only man nominated by a convention while two thirds of the delegates of his own state were for a rival candidate from the same state. A worthy but minor book of political journalism which is somewhat marred by Mr. Stoddard's callow belief that "the closest approach the world has ever known to government by direct choice of its citizens is the national con-

vention of political parties" for the nomination of President and Vice-President.

BIOGRAPHY

THE MAKING OF AN INSURGENT, *An Autobiography, 1882-1919*, by Fiorelló H. La Guardia. \$2.75. *Lippincott*. The late mayor of New York City emerges from these pages as an irrepressible man of action who was not much concerned with abstract ideas, but who still managed to be on the decent side of most issues. The book, which comprises that part of his autobiography completed by Mr. La Guardia before his death last year, is built around a cluster of anecdotes, most of them pointing up the author's sympathy for the poor and victimized. His early years in Army camps, in the diplomatic service (he was an acting consul before he was twenty-one), in Congress and in the Air Force are rehearsed in a rather flat and stodgy style; but the material is of enough intrinsic interest to make up for this shortcoming.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *With an Account of its Origin and History and Additional Biographical Material*, by Robert Dale Richardson. \$1.50. *Beacon*. Mr. Richardson's maternal great-grandfather, Jesse W. Fell, was one of Lincoln's closest friends and most trusted political advisers for more than twenty years. Indeed, it was at his suggestion that Lincoln wrote his three-page Autobiography, which apparently did much to win over the Pennsylvania Republicans to Lincoln as their Presidential candidate in 1859, and thus, to a very considerable extent, won for Lincoln the national party's nomination. There are some errors of fact in the Autobiography, for Lincoln apparently "did not have the correct information about his family and its roots in Massachusetts." Mr. Richardson supplies a good many other relevant facts, including a longish letter from Fell about the martyred President's religion, which, as others have also pointed out, was a rather free form of Unitarianism. Lincoln's Autobiography has been known to scholars, but Mr. Richardson here offers it to the public for the first time. He also reproduces it in facsimile. For the thousands of Lincoln collectors, this is clearly a must.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE MASQUERADE IN SPAIN, by Charles Foltz, Jr. \$4.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. The thesis of this crushing indictment of Franco Spain is that Franco is less Spain's "master" than its "manager," that he is fronting for a privileged class of the clergy, nobility, large industrialists and professional soldiers who govern the country as their private preserve. Now that its German and Italian patrons have lost the war, this class is hard at work courting the favor of Britain and America with a view to a future anti-Soviet coalition. The author estimates that some 900,000 political opponents have been executed by the régime, and that the only real opposition is democratic. He found the Communists to have no real strength in Spain and the Monarchists to be merely a tool of the same groups that are already in power.

THE STILWELL PAPERS, by Joseph W. Stilwell. Edited by Theodore H. White. \$4.00. *William Sloane Associates*. This collection of journal entries and letters by the hero of the Allied Burma campaign in the recent war makes it dazzlingly clear why its author was tightly muzzled by the War Department following his relief from active command in October 1944. His judgments of men and policies, as he saw them at close quarters, were unflinchingly frank; and, with a few notable exceptions, uniformly critical. He found the late President Roosevelt "unimpressive" — sententious, vain and obviously troubled with an exaggerated sense of "destiny"; and thought Harry Hopkins slovenly and unpleasant. He was disgusted with the British, from the top commanders like Wavell ("can't" is his best word"), Alexander ("stand-offish") and Mountbatten ("glamor boy") on down, for their aloofness, air of superiority and stubborn insistence on the maximum of glory with the minimum of risk. The biggest political powder charge, however, is contained in his savage strictures on China's Kuomintang government, which Stilwell saw as "a gang of thugs" riddled with intrigue, graft, inefficiency and cowardice; and its leader, Chiang, a "stubborn, ignorant, prejudiced, conceited despot." Stilwell's writing is brisk and vigorous, and it is

greatly aided by the addition of textual interpolations and explanatory footnotes by Mr. White. There are several illustrations.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

ADAM'S RIB, by Ruth Herschberger. \$3.50. *Pellegrini & Cudahy*. Miss Herschberger apparently has done much reading and thinking about the "woman question," especially about the mounting complaints about the modern woman's inadequacy as a sexual partner, mother and companion. Here, as the saying goes, she answers back. She says that many men do not realize that women are not "passive" but as eager for sex relations as men are, even after the menopause; that involuntary childlessness among married couples is very often the fault, not of the woman, but of the man; that the woman's sexual apparatus is not "inferior" to the man's; that a great deal of investigation remains to be done in the realms of urology and gynecology, and especially in the field of ovulation, before pronouncing any sweeping judgments about conception; and that most of the taboos about women are without basis. Miss Herschberger writes much sound sense, but she spoils her book with what her publishers call her "wit," which is pretty feeble, and which only interrupts her serious discussion. And there is the matter of her general spirit. Why is she so angry at men? Anger is hardly a scientific attitude.

THE NEGRO GHETTO, by Robert Weaver. \$3.75. *Harcourt, Brace*. Although this book is written with all the heavy gracelessness of a Ph.D. thesis, and will doubtless go unread by the government housing workers and real estate operators who could most benefit from studying it, its publication may help to clarify a few obscure points. Mr. Weaver denies that race-restrictive housing covenants are the only, or even the principal, obstacle to providing decent housing for Negroes. The FHA and local governments are as much at fault as the real estate boards, he asserts; and until all these groups are prepared to accept interracial housing developments, in areas removed from the purely Negro districts, the "ghetto" will remain a part of American communal life.

THE OPEN FORUM



THE KINSEY REPORT AND DEMOCRACY

SIR: The review of the Kinsey Report by Waverley Root in the May *MERCURY* is excellent, and makes some of the important points that should be made; such as: that our sex laws violate the principle that an individual may do as he likes provided that his actions are not inimical to the welfare of others, and that the general laws against assault are adequate protection against specifically sexual assault. This latter reminds us that, just as there should be no specific code of sexual morals, so there should be no specific sex laws. Rape is a crime because it is assault: the sexual element is immaterial. Procuring which involves coercion or fraud is a crime because of the coercion or fraud. On the other hand, the ownership of one's own body implies the right to dispose of it as one wishes: therefore, there is no justification for laws against the courtesan — no matter whether one considers her profession socially harmful or socially useful.

But what Mr. Root says of our sex laws is equally true of our laws in general: that they outlaw private actions which do not injure others. Thus, it is just as illegitimate to forbid people to gamble, drink whisky, smoke opium or form nudist groups, as it is to forbid them to indulge in sexual intercourse. . . .

It seems necessary to face certain facts usually ignored. First, that democracy is an outmoded, inefficient, and absurd form of government (as shown by H. L. Mencken, Everett Martin, James Harvey Robinson, Harry Elmer Barnes, Will Durant, Maurice Pink and others). Second, that the two basic principles of democracy are: the dictatorship of the majority over the minority, and the restriction of the liberty of the individual for the sake of "the welfare of society" (this latter being a basic principle of all totali-

tarian governments, of which democracy is one form). Third, that in consequence of its totalitarian concept of social welfare, its insistence on submission of the individual to the will of the majority, and the fact that the basic principle of individual liberty is completely beyond the understanding of the average man, democracy is the natural and inevitable enemy of freedom. Fourth, that no country in history has made more laws restricting the freedom of the individual than the United States, and that no country in the world has censored, banned and burned more books than the United States has. (See the works of Leon Whipple, Ernest S. Bates, Morris Ernst, Alec Craig, and Theodore Schroeder on civil liberty and censorship.) The Kinsey Report has shown our individual hypocrisy: the difference between the ethical code we profess and our actual sexual practices. It is equally important to point out the hypocrisy of the United States Government: the difference between the code of freedom it professes and its actual legislative practices. Thus, we professed horror at the Nazi book-burning in Berlin, although the New York Police Department holds a book-burning every year. When the government wanted us to buy bonds to finance a war for freedom, it announced that "in the United States you can read any book you want, you can say what you want, you can love as you want," at the same time that its Post Office was banning from the mails such valuable manuals as Henry and Freda Thornton's *Sex Happiness in Marriage* and Edwin Hirsch's *The Power to Love*, its customs censors were seizing English copies of René Guyon's *Sexual Freedom*, the law against saying what you want in private letters sent through the mail was in full force, burlesque shows were being raided and closed,

courtesans were being hounded and jailed, and all the laws against "loving as you want" were boldly flaunting their grim menace to the pursuit of happiness! . . .

One must dissent when Mr. Root states that even the Kinsey Report will not result in a change in our sex laws because "the origin of our sexual morality is religious." But morality, in a free country, can have nothing whatever to do with legislation. Indeed, it is precisely because our sexual morality is religious that we are undeniably justified in demanding the abolition of laws based on that morality. For this country guarantees religious freedom, and that inevitably implies moral freedom. If our sexual morality is based on religion, then to incorporate that morality in a code of laws is tantamount to imposing a state religion upon the citizens of this country. But this is expressly forbidden by the Constitution. And a state morality is just as intolerable as a state religion. In a free country, it is the privilege of any religious group to teach what morality it wishes, in its own churches and books; but it is not permissible for any religious group, no matter how large, to incorporate its morality into a code of laws. Our government recently demanded the sacrifice of thousands of American lives in an alleged fight for freedom. It is the privilege of all American citizens to demand that the government furnish that freedom which it professed to be defending. It is not a matter of sex, or morality, or religion: it is a matter of personal liberty.

I have suggested that democracy is an antiquated and illiberal type of government. Mr. Root unwittingly puts his finger on one of its gravest defects when he predicts that the Kinsey Report "will probably have more practical effect on sociologists and psychologists than on legislatures." In a wiser form of government than ours, the sociologists and psychologists would be the legislatures. . . .

GEORGE WEAVER

Pasadena, Cal.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S MARRIAGE

SIR: On p. 532 of your May issue, Thomas C. Desmond mentions Sarah Bernhardt among women "who achieved greatness despite their *unwedded* lives . . ." Sarah Bernhardt was not only married, at an early age, but also had a son, known as Maurice Bernhardt, who had a position of some importance in her theatre in Paris. Was there any irony intended in mentioning Sarah in

the same sentence as Susan B. Anthony and Florence Nightingale?

R. DE TANKERVILLE

New York City

SIR: Could it have been that Sarah Bernhardt's carefree spirit during her 1906 and 1910 tours of America gave the impression she was unmarried? Seriously, however, Miss Bernhardt was married in 1882, but she divorced her husband, an actor named Damala, shortly afterwards.

THOMAS C. DESMOND

Newburgh, N. Y.

REBUTTAL FROM TEXAS

SIR: I should like to contradict Malvin Robert Peck's statement in "The Open Forum" for May to the effect that Texans are not hospitable. . . .

Being a native of New York myself, I was often embarrassed at the terrible conduct of the majority of New York servicemen stationed in Texas with me. Having been attached to the provost marshal's office while stationed in Texas, I am in a position to say that the biggest trouble-makers with the local citizenry were the servicemen from New York state. Most New Yorkers came to Texas with the idea that all Texans were rather backward cow-punchers, and that the best thing to do was to treat them as such. Naturally, many Texans reacted to the loud-mouthed crudeness of the "damnyankees" with the cold shoulder. . . .

HORACE MARION DAVIS

Fort Worth, Tex.

ON BEATING THE HORSES

SIR: I have just read the article entitled "You Can't Beat the Races," by Robert Saunders Dowst, in the AMERICAN MERCURY for April. For one who has always preached the virtues of consistency as a yard-stick to use in selecting horses for betting, Mr. Dowst seems to be setting a rather poor example himself.

In the article, Mr. Dowst goes on record in no uncertain terms as to the folly of seeking any mechanical system of playing the races successfully. Yet, it has been but a few months since the M. S. Mill Co., Inc. published a book entitled *Winners at Prices*, which presumed to set forth in great detail a simple mechanical system for playing the races successfully, accompanied by

(Continued on page 254)

ANY STIGMA TO BEAT A DOGMA?

The New Leader has been exposing Communists for the past quarter of a century, but does not support the thesis that we should use *any* stigma to beat the Communist dogma. We must not sacrifice democracy in the name of freedom. Civil freedoms, the essence of democracy, must be extended rather than restricted. How then can we beat the Communists and stop Soviet aggression?

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(Continued from page 252)

a break-down of some twenty months, showing a net yield of about 35 per cent on the total amount of money put at risk. This book retailed at \$2.50 and was no doubt purchased by thousands of race-players, among whom was your humble servant. And the author of the aforesaid book was none other than Robert Saunders Dowst!

It might be a good idea for the editors to check with Mr. Dowst in an effort to get to the bottom of his two apparently contradictory assertions.

FRED S. DAVIS

Atlanta, Ga.

SIR: In my article I stated that only a negligible percentage of horse-players ever make money. In the book, *Winners at Prices*, I developed a method of selecting win bets that stood up for a period of twenty months under an honest check. I believe the method of that book, which confines play to extremely consistent horses going at fair prices, in the range from 4/1 to 6/1, should make money for the operator if he sticks to it. However, the system involves acceptance of considerable streaks of consecutive losers and most players would be led to abandon it in one of those streaks, in my opinion. I see no conflict in viewpoint between the article and the book.

ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FIRST HOODLUM

SIR: In the May AMERICAN MERCURY, under *Phrase Origins*—29, Louis Jay Herman gives one of the supposed origins of the word "hoodlum" and declares that "most authorities believe it was coined by a San Francisco newspaperman," etc. Mr. Herman gives the version that *hoodlum* is *Muldoon* reversed with a change of "n" to "h."

Who are "most authorities"?

Webster's and Funk and Wagnalls do not give any derivation. Ernest Weekley, the greatest of modern authorities on word origins says in *Words and Names*, page 148, that *hoodlum* "has been 'explained' as an unsuccessful anagram of the Irish name *Muldoon* (!), but its true origin remains as mysterious as that of the synonymous Australian *larrikin*." William S. Walsh in the *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities* gives the *Muldoon* story and two others and asks the reader to take them for what they are worth. Walsh's opinion is that "the true origin of the word is unknown." The *Oxford English Dictionary* says that the origin has been lost and that fictitious stories have been printed to account for the coinage of the word "hoodlum."

Hoodlum may or may not have originated as stated in Mr. Herman's contribution. However, he should not have implied that most authorities agree with the Muldoon story. No reliable authority on etymology accepts the story, contrary to Mr. Herman's declaration.

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: As Mr. Rosenblum observes, the derivation of the genesis of "hoodlum" which I cited is far from being a wholly verified origin of the word. I believe I made it quite clear in my note that the whole question is still very much moot by stating that "its origin has remained a matter for debate" and employing such qualifying phrases as "supposed to have" in describing how the word arose.

As a matter of fact, several other explanations of the genesis of "hoodlum" have been advanced from time to time. It has been traced to a Bavarian dialect term, *hodalump*; to some unspecified Spanish or pidgin English root; and to the characteristic cry of the San Francisco street urchins, "huddle 'em!" None of these, however, has been seriously credited by anyone but their original proponents. Contrary to Mr. Rosenblum's contention, however, the one derivation which has been consistently put forward by etymologists over the past 70 years is that which I chose for my note. It is true that some sources are rather dubious and certain general dictionaries, like those Mr. Rosenblum cites, are inclined to by-pass the whole issue; while Mencken, in his *American Language*, dismisses it summarily as "fanciful." The fact remains, notwithstanding, that the "Muldoon" theory has been loyally supported by most specifically etymological dictionaries, starting with Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms* in 1877. Thornton's *American Glossary* (1912) regards it as "most probably" correct; Ernest Weekley, in a work which Mr. Rosenblum failed to cite, his *Etymological Dictionary of Modern English* (1921), gives "perverted back-spelling . . . of Muldoon" as his version; Holt, in his *Phrase Origins* (1936), appears at least charitably disposed toward this derivation, if not completely convinced; Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* (1938) calls it "probably" authentic; and *Crowther's Encyclopaedia of Phrases and Origins* (published as recently as 1945) reproduces Bartlett's derivation almost verbatim and without qualification as the correct one. Until new evidence is brought to light, it appears destined to remain generally accepted as such.

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

New York City



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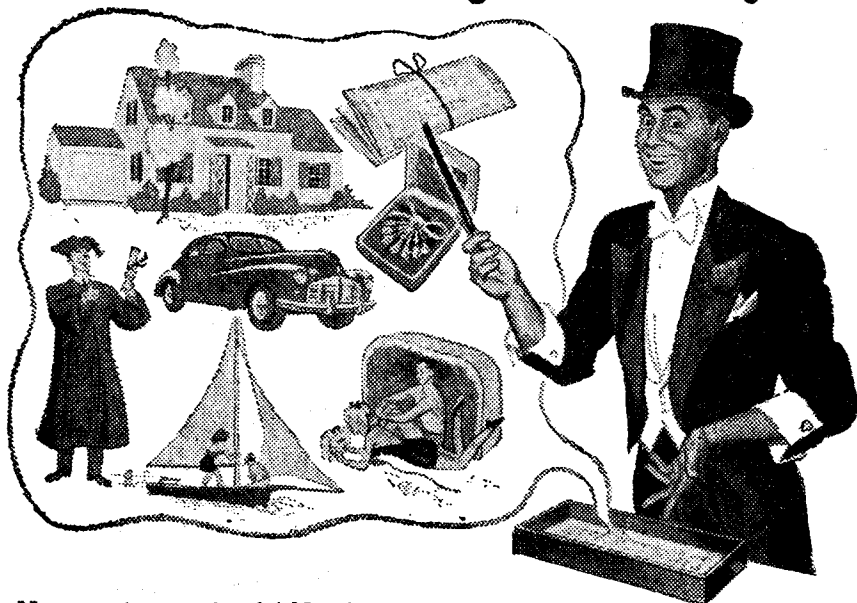
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